

New York Saturday Evening Post A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 334.

CROQUET.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

The sun was low in the western skies
That beautiful summer day;
And I stood like a fool and looked in her eyes,
And didn't know what to say;
But she insisted 'twould be very nice
To have a game of croquet.

She wore the noblest sailor hat,
And was dressed in a white pique;
A small blue ribbon she wore care that,
If her nose was retrousse.
You may take my word for it, (*verbum sat!*)
That she could play croquet.

And she seemed to take a malicious delight
In monopolizing the play.
She knocked my ball from left to right
In most provoking way;
Till at length I remarked with a good deal of
spirit,
"Confound croquet!"

"Your turn at last," she cried as she missed;
"Ever so many balls to day."
"Aha!" I shouted, "the balls have kissed,
Why shouldn't our *liss*, Jennie, pray?"
A "glance shot" from her eyes and I caught
her wrist.
And gave her a—"tight croquet."

The sun went down in the western skies
The heavens were growing gray;
I sat in the shadow and looked in her eyes,
And heard her saying,
And what I whispered (as you may surmise),
Had nothing to do with croquet.

The Sword Hunters; OR,

THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

A Sequel to "Lance and Lasso."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN,"
"LANCE AND LASSO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LIONS.

DURING the rest of the day the hunters remained in camp, and reposed their tired horses. Their people brought in the tusks of the elephants, and such choice pieces of the meat as Abou Hassan assured us were good. It was amusing to see the way in which the hungry savages scattered, when the stately Hamrau swordsmen approached the carcass to cut out what they needed. The Arabs paid no more attention to them than if they had been hyenas, and the negroes waited around respectfully till the brave hunters were served.

Only one man tried to be impudent. It was a very large, powerful negro, at work at the big bull. He kept on cutting when young Selim came near, seemingly trusting to the latter being a boy for protection. Selim came near where the big fellow was hacking away at one of the tusks, which had been left half cut out. The young Hamrau ordered him away as if he had been his servant, and the big fellow laughed in a sneering manner, and told him to "make him go if he could."

Manuel Garcia was coming up, gun in hand, to look at the tusks, which he had offered to buy of the Hamraus. Selim had his sword on his shoulder, and Manuel heard him say, quietly:

"Go, dog of a Galla, or I will leave you there in two pieces."

The big negro started up, spear in hand, shouting angrily:

"Try it then, little fellow, and see what will happen to you!"

Young Selim said not another word, but he ran to the negro. As he came, the big man sent his spear at him, and turned to run. But Selim, with wonderful dexterity, parried the flying weapon with his sword, bounded after his enemy, and overtook him in two or three steps. He made one blow with his razor-like sword, and cut the negro right in half at the waist, so that the unhappy creature never spoke again. Then the boy calmly stooped and wiped his sword, and shook his hand at the frightened crowd beyond, as much as to say:

"Look out! I don't serve you the same way."

Manuel was shocked, but he could not help admiring the boldness and skill of the boy, and the Arabs took off the tusks of the elephant in silence, undisturbed by any of the other crowd.

By sunset, all that remained of the ten elephants was their bones; and crowds of men, women and children were trooping off to the hills, with huge loads of meat on their shoulders.

While our travelers were resting in camp, they learned a good deal about the game from the Hamraus. Abou Hassan told them there were elephants, rhinoceroses, and plenty of giraffes and antelopes, a little further up the river; and promised to show them a lake, where they should have all the sport they wanted.

Accordingly, during the day, they got their guns in order, and made ready for their trip; and, as soon as the sun rose next morning they were on their way to the lake. They made an easy journey of some fifteen miles through a country that grew greener at every step, and at sunset they went into camp at the borders of a beautiful lake surrounded by hills. Their camp was in a very pretty little wood, and the country was sprinkled over with copes of low, scrubby thorns, in the midst of real green grass, the first they had seen since leaving Europe, for everything in the country was burned up by the sun.

They could see that Abou Hassan was right. Herds of antelopes were feeding about in full view, like cattle, and the long necks of a number of giraffes were visible, here and there.

The animal squealed and reared up, only to be pulled back sharply by the self-possessed Bullard.



back with them, to encamp along with the generous white strangers. Manuel was very glad of this, for he wanted to see the Hamraus at home, and he knew that their presence would be a great protection from the thieving negroes of the country. These last had become a great nuisance, hanging around the camp to beg and pilfer what they could, and Manuel knew that they would not come around when the terrible Sword Hunters were encamped near them. So Abou Hassan left Hamet to show game, and rode off to his own people, whom he promised to bring back that night.

Curtis and Bullard went out soon after daylight with Hamet, seeing numerous herds of antelopes on the way, none of which did they disturb. The pretty creatures kept at a wary distance, but the hunters could watch their motions with a telescope to great advantage. There were many different kinds, of all sizes, from the tiny gazelle, with legs no thicker than a pencil, to the stately eland, with a body as large as an ox, the magnificent koodoo, with horns like corkscrews, at least four feet long, and the onyx, a large antelope, in shape much like a goat, but as tall as a donkey, with horns quite straight and very sharp. Then there was the sable antelope, as black as jet, with tamed points, the great roan antelope, and at least a dozen other kinds we have no time to mention. There were tall, graceful giraffes and sullen, lowing buffaloes, each kind in its own separate herds, feeding peacefully.

Bullard cared for none of them. He had come out to shoot a rhinoceros, and he was bound to have one, the more horns the better. He was not long in finding what he wanted, for the rhinoceros is an easy beast to hunt up. Before they had been out half an hour they saw two together, asleep under a tree at some distance. There was no cover all the way, and Hamet warned them that the rhinoceros has a remarkably keen scent. Therefore they had to ride round a long way before they got to leeward of the creatures, and slowly advanced toward them.

The rhinoceroses were both of the black, two-horned kind, considered the most ferocious of any, and known to the natives as the borele. They lay half asleep, with their heads turned to leeward, trusting to their noses to tell them of danger on the other side. But the sight of the rhinoceros is very poor, and he has a habit of shutting his eyes when he charges, so that our hunters anticipated little trouble in getting up to them. Hamet set them the example how to approach. The active Arab threw himself down alongside of his horse, with one arm around the animal's neck, and his leg over the saddle. In this manner he hung alongside of his horse, keeping the animal as a shield between him and the boreles. Bullard had often practiced this trick as a boy on the plains, and Jack had learned it during his trip to the estancia at Buenos Ayres. The two therefore imitated Hamet as well as they knew how, and all three advanced on their sleeping game at an easy walk.

The two rhinoceroses lay blinking and snoring, just like two pigs, and if they saw the horsemen, probably took them for antelopes of some strange kind, for the hunters would sometimes let the reins loose, when of course the horses would stoop their heads to graze. And so the whole approach had a very natural air.

At last they had arrived within about fifty yards, when Hamet gave the signal, and the three instantly started up in their saddles.

But instead of the boreles being frightened at the sudden apparition the reverse was the case. They saw it quick enough. Almost before the hunters were up, the rhinoceroses were on their feet. They came up on all four legs together, like an India rubber ball, and each uttered a sort of whistling squeal, something like a pig. And then, with an agility unexpected from their clumsy frames, both charged together at the hunters, full of fury.

"Look out, Pickle," shouted Bullard, and as he spoke he sighted the head of the left hand borele with his rifle. Crack! went the gun, and Bullard heard the sharp smack of the bullet in the beast's head. But the rhinoceros did not seem to heed it, for he charged more viciously than ever. Tom's horse spun round on its haunches like a top, and "put, like a streak," as "Plug" afterward observed.

Plug fired a copper rifle shell into the other one, and saw it blow up on the beast's forehead. This was the female borele. But she did not seem to mind it any more than a musketobite, and Curtis' horse, with great prudence, followed Bullard as hard as he could tear. Jack did not fall off this time, a fact principally due to his being of the same mind with his horse, and turning with him.

And the two hunters, instead of putting their foes to flight, were just doing their level best to escape from the creatures they had started to kill. As for Hamet, he shied off to one side at the first onset, and the rhinoceros did not appear to see him, for they passed on after the boys. But no sooner were they by, than down swooped Hamet after the female borele, spurring his horse desperately, and drawing his sword as he went.

Jack turned one way and Bullard the other, with the boreles after them, the horses thoroughly frightened, and running their best. But the clumsy, piglike beasts behind gave them all the running they wanted for some minutes, before Hamet could overtake the cow borele. When he did, he made a tremendous cut at her hind leg, and divided the sinew fairly, making her hop on three legs. She did not appear to mind it, however, running nearly as fast as ever, and it was not till Hamet had made a second blow at the other leg, that she came to a stand.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BORELE.

THE application of the warm lion's skin cured Manuel's bruises in twenty-four hours, but he did receive a shock that took him some days to recover from. When he was able to mount his horse it was several days after, and he did not care to go too near any more lions.

"I shall fire shells at them," he said. "They are sure to disable the beasts, and I shall keep at a safe distance."

Bullard and Curtis, however, had acquired somewhat of a contempt for the lions, for the animals did not come round their camp any more except at night. In the daytime, after their first battle, they could not see one. The beasts kept hid in close thickets, and were very scarce; for they seemed to have destroyed the principal family of the neighborhood; and one family is as much as most localities will support, in the way of lions.

When she did, she dropped, for both legs were utterly crippled. At the same moment the other borele, which had been chasing Tom Bullard, suddenly caught scent of him. The beast had chased him in a semi-circle, till it had got to leeward, and caught a whiff for the first time. Instantly it stopped, gave a snuff of disgust, wheeled round and ran away. The same creature it had chased before became suddenly terrible when it was discovered to be a man.

No sooner was the borele off, than away went Tom after it. As he went, he crammed a fresh cartridge into his gun, and spurred his horse hard, to keep near the flying game. Curtis and Hamet both joined in, but Tom had the start by fifty yards, and was not twenty feet from the borele, when the brute turned. He had not much distance to make up, therefore, but it taxed his little horse to its utmost to do that much. However, by a vigorous dose of the long spurs, he managed to creep up to within ten feet, and further than that his horse would not go. The animal remembered the chase it had undergone before, and feared a fresh charge.

So Tom was forced to fire from where he was, or lose his game. He had a shell this time in his rifle, and he took a hasty aim behind the shoulder of borele, and fired. Clap went the ball into the tough hide, and then borele stopped short, quivered and shook, fell on its knees, rose again, and staggered along slowly, shaking its heavy head in evident distress. Tom had another cartridge in before the beast was fairly up, and sent a second shell into borele's body. That finished his business. As the second fearful missile exploded in the poor brute's lungs, it stopped again, trembled all over, and fell over on its side, dying.

Tom was a merciful fellow, if he was a hunter. He reloaded with a steel-pointed bullet, jumped off his horse, and put the bullet into the dying borele's brain, to end its torments. Then Curtis and the Arab came up, and found him examining the body for the trace of bullets. It was made quite plain why he had not killed the rhinoceros with the first shot in the forehead. The creature's head is a mass of solid bone, as hard as a rock, and the brain is very small and situated not far from the nose, where the monstrous shield of horn renders it perfectly invulnerable. A side shot is the only chance by which the brain can be reached, and then the shot is very difficult.

But it is easy enough to strike it in the lungs, and when an explosive bullet is used, even the tough rhinoceros, which will carry off fifty common balls and live, succumbs at once to the suffocating gases. And from that day forth, Tom never used anything else on elephants and other large game, for his experience with the rhinoceros had converted him entirely to the use of shells, which he had before condemned as unsportsmanlike.

"But when a fellow has to pin his life to his gun," remarked Tom to Curtis, "it don't do to be too particular; so well blow them all to Scratches for the future."

They cut out the horns of the two boreles with very little trouble. The horn of the rhinoceros is a very curious affair in this respect. It does not grow out of the bone like a cow's horn, but is simply stuck on to the skin in some manner, so that if you cut away the piece of skin, off comes the horn with it. They found it of very tough, fine horn, and solid all the way through. The borele has not such long horns as the great white rhinoceros, called the *kuaboa*. This beast is near as large as an elephant, and its horn is sometimes four feet long, and very white and clear. The white rhinoceros is a peaceful, timid beast, rarely charging, except in defense of its calf, and much slower of foot than the borele. The horns of both seem to be used to root with, like pigs, and they tear up strong, thorny bushes with them like tufts of grass, eating thorns and all; for the rhinoceroses have palates that are as hard as iron.

Our hunters returned home with their trophies, and tried some rhinoceros meat that night. It was uncommonly good eating and reminded them of veal. They found Abou Hassan's family or tribe, forty men, all told, with women and children, going into camp.

CHAPTER X.

TOM AND THE WILD ASS.

That evening the principal men of the little tribe of Sword Hunters were gathered around the camp-fire of our three friends. When I say the "tribe" of Sword Hunters, you must not think that they were all of the Hamaus, who are a powerful and numerous tribe. This was only the sub-tribe or band, to which Abou Hassan and his brothers belonged, and was composed of one single family, from the great grandfather, an aged Arab over a hundred years old, down to Abou Hassan and his brothers, and their children.

The old chief, or *sheikh*, as the Arabs call him, was a magnificent-looking old man, tall and erect as the youngest there, and riding his gray mare like a centaur. His descendants obeyed his slightest beck and nod as if it were a law, and the old sheikh was an absolute monarch in his band, without a rebel among them all.

Manuel and the boys were wonderfully taken with this stately old gentleman, with his long, snow-white beard, and princely manner, who behaved as though he had been used to good society all his life. And so he was, for the nobler tribes of Arabs are all *gentlemen*, in the truest sense of the word—that is to say, always polite, hospitable, brave, generous, and kind to all.

It was interesting to notice how they all venerated the old man, listening to every word with respect, and not contradicting. He, on his part, was very kind to every one, and seemed especially fond of children.

The boys found him a perfect mine of information on hunting, for Sheikh Haroun Abd-el-Kerim had wielded a sword in the chase over eighty years before, and knew every bush in the country.

His name—Haroun Abd-el-Kerim—signifies "Aaron, servant of the Merciful," and all the Arab names have a signification, except the proper names, such as Hamet, etc.

Hassan means John, Hamet is a variety of Mohammed, Abdallah means "Servant of God," Selim is a variety of Islam, or the "Chosen People," and most of our Bible names have Arab equivalents.

"Are there any beasts so dangerous, oh! sheikh?" asked Manuel, "that you cannot kill them with the sword?"

"Not one," said the sheikh, quietly. "If we can close with them they cannot escape. But some few, very few, are too swift for us."

"Ah, I suppose you mean antelopes?" "No," said Sheikh Haroun. "We can come up with any antelope but one, after a hard chase. But the gazelle laughs at the speed of the horse, and the wild ass is even swifter. There is no horse can equal him, and he mocks at the best in our tribe."

Tom Bullard, who was listening, pricked his ears.

"How big are these wild asses?" he asked.

"As tall as a horse. Taller than mine," the Arab answered.

"Are there any here?" "Nay," said Sheikh Haroun; "the wild ass loves the desert. The nearest place to find them is at the border of the desert, a day's journey from here. There is a troop of them, which come to drink at a spring, at the foot of a mountain there, and they have come since I was a boy. We have lain in wait for them many a time, but no man has been near enough to see the color of their eyes, though many have tried."

"Do you think I could catch one?" demanded Tom, suddenly. "I know I can; and if you'll show me where they are, I'll show you how to catch wild horses in America."

Sheikh Haroun did not answer for a minute. He was too polite to tell Tom he was a fool, but he thought it. In the first place he had never heard of a wild horse, for in Africa there are none except tame. And in the next place, he knew the swiftness of the wild ass to be prodigious.

"You are a stranger, my son," he said, presently, "and you do not know the wild ass. We have no wild horses here. You say you have them in your country, and of course you must be right; but they are not like our wild asses, or else your horses must be much better than ours. I will show you where they are, but you can do nothing with them, except perhaps to shoot them, and that would be foolish, for they are not made to eat."

"Well," persisted Tom, stubbornly, "if you will show me the place, I will promise you to ride a wild ass into your camp inside of ten days from the time I see them. You have shown us how you hunt, and now we will show you how we do the thing in Texas."

So it was settled that they should move camp the next day, for Tom was all on fire to catch a wild ass, and he felt confident that he could do it by practicing a plan used in Texas. What that plan is, you will perceive when you shall hear what Tom did.

Manuel and Jack were as incredulous as the old sheikh, till Tom explained the mode of doing things, and then they were as anxious to try it as he was, for they felt that, with such swift steeds to ride, they could catch anything in the country with ease, from the elephant to the swiftest antelope.

So the next morning they once more broke camp, and traveled all day long to the southwest, the country growing dryer and more barren as they proceeded, till the afternoon brought them to the foot of the mountain the chief had spoken of, which was the extreme spur of a range, that thenceforward barred the green country from the Libyan desert. As they came in sight of the sandy plain below, Sheikh Haroun pointed to a clump of palm trees, and then to some moving dots on the plain.

"Behold the spring," he said. "The wild asses are coming to drink at it. They will come again in the morning. But you cannot catch them."

Tom drew out his telescope and inspected the moving dots. They were indeed wild asses, but very different from our donkeys and mules. These were splendid creatures, the old males standing sixteen hands high, with powerful limbs, broad chests, and arched necks. The long ears were the only asinine features about them, and they were not near as long as those of the domestic ass.

Tom suddenly started, as if struck with an idea.

"I'll try it," he muttered. "I could not have a better chance than now."

At his desire, Manuel halted the caravan where they were, while Tom dismounted, and crept forward, behind rocks and bushes, till he was within about twenty yards of the spring, where the wild asses were coming to drink. Then he lay down behind a rock, and awaited their approach.

The wind was blowing from the desert toward him, so that there was no danger of their seeing him, and he had hidden his advance so well that they had not caught sight of him, attracted as they were by the distant caravan, going into camp where Tom had left them.

The troop of wild asses came nearer and nearer, gazing curiously at the caravan, but anticipating no evil. Tom counted fifteen altogether; of which three were magnificent males, of a bright sorrel color, with the peculiar black cross-stripe on the withers, characteristic of their race; and four were little colts, of different sizes, up to two years old.

The young Texan rested his rifle on the forked branch of the bush that hid him, and patiently waited the coming of the troop. He was going to try a very hazardous experiment, peculiar to his native plains, called "creasing." It requires a first-class shot to try it successfully, but, when well performed, furnishes the surest way of capturing a swift animal yet known. Tom felt sufficient confidence in his skill to try it. He had brought with him several straps, which he proposed to use, if his shot was successful, to secure his prize, and he already counted on it.

The wild asses came slowly down to the spring, often stopping and looking suspiciously at the caravan, and then coming on again. At last the leader of the herd put down his head, and drank delicately, and then pricked up his ears, and looked round away from Tom.

It was the chance the young man was looking for. The next minute he took a long and steady aim at the wild creature. He aimed just behind the ears, where the arching neck joined the head, and intended his bullet to *graze the spot, just stunning the animal*. Tom's nerves were like iron, and his eye perfectly true, as he glanced through the sights. He pulled the trigger, and through the flash and smoke saw the wild ass drop, as if dead, while the rest scoured away, in a cloud of dust, and went out of sight.

Out rushed Tom, rifle in hand, to view the prize, and found, to his intense joy, that the creature breathed. The bullet had marked a little "crease," exactly where it was aimed, and the wild creature was completely stunned. A hair's breadth lower, and it would have been killed.

Tom lost no time in looking. He produced from his pocket a strong strap, doubled up one fore leg of the wild ass, where it lay, and strapped it tight, just as circus-men had been in the habit of doing for many years, before Rarey made the secret public.

In a moment more he had a strong halter on the animal's head, and secured it just in time, for as he stepped away, the wild ass struggled to get up, having recovered from the momentary stupor.

And the way that creature struggled was exciting to see. Tom had never seen the like. The boy, as we know, was a splendid rider, and had on long spurs. Taking his advantage of the ass put out its fore leg to rise, he was on its back before it could get up. The halter was a strong cord, knotted around the animal's under jaw, with a rein on each side, and Bullard held on to it like grim death. The ass had one fore leg doubled up and strapped there, but it rose upon three legs with a squeal of rage, and com-

menced to kick. Yes, actually to kick with both hind legs, *standing on one fore leg to do it!* A horse could not have performed this feat, but the wild ass like the zebra, has a peculiar hardness and strength of muscle that enables it to perform deeds that are impossible to a horse, as Rarey found when he tamed the zebra. For a few minutes Bullard had hard work to retain his seat. But even the wild ass is subject to fatigue. With one leg tied up, it could not struggle to any advantage, and the boy had a terrible hold upon the beast. It reared upright and came over backward, and Bullard was on his feet unhurt, and up again before the wild creature could rise. It tried to bite him in the leg, but Bullard was expecting the trick, and had a heavy whip hanging to his wrist, which he curled around the slim muzzle of the wild ass with a sharp lash every time it tried it. The animal was mad with rage. It squealed and reared up, only to be pulled back sharply by the self-possessed Bullard. He heard shouts of admiration from the Arabs, who were now galloping up at full speed, in the direction of assisting him in some way.

But Tom Bullard needed no assistance. He was bound to conquer that wild ass if he had to fight all night, and the sun was nearly set already.

With a vague notion of tiring the creature out, he dug in his spurs till he fethched the blood, and wrenched its head round to the desert. The fury of the beast gave a tremendous bound, and suddenly darted forward, on three legs as it was, swifter than any horse could run—away, away, into the fast-descending desert, while Tom, with a wild halloo, laid on his whip to make it go faster.

"Now I've got you!" muttered he, setting his teeth as he flew on. "We'll see who can stand this longest, you on I."

And away went the two, out into the silent desert, where the stars looked softly down upon them the wild ass leaving the horses far behind, and making Bullard think:

"If he runs like this on three legs, what chance should I have had with him on four?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 332.)

A LIFE'S SHADOW.

BY WALTER E. FITZHENRY.

Oh, sweet-scented blossoms that so soon must fade away,

Tell a solemn story of the fate of all that's gay;

Ye blossom now in beauty and court the amorous sun.

Who'll scorn your humble worship when the summer's day is done?

Then, lifeless, lonely, loveless—the smile that warmed you fled—

Your tiny ghosts will wander with the shade of beauty dead;

And in the drear aisle leafless, where love once ruled no sir,

They'll stoop in rev'rent silence o'er my soul in sorrow there!

My soul that dwelt with sadness remote from realms of peace,

Where love and joy united give to grief and pain release,

Saw when it, raptured, lingered near that brightly blushing plain,

Where once arose a vision of rare tenderness and grace

That swam with fleeting splendor o'er my soul's pale, solemn face!

Then all its world was brightened with a momentary sheen,

And thrilled with magic cadences of joyfulness serene.

But ah! the vision faded, for such love was not for him

Who through life's lonely watches sung a hopeless, prayerful hymn,

And dying, told his story to the spirits of blossoms dead,

That mourn the light and glory of the smiling summer sped.

Full sad her lay of longing until Time hath lapsed away,

And Beauty passed from splendor into darkness and decay;

And then the min'st'ring spirits—scorpions of love and peace—

Will come in solemn sweetness and will bid their sorrow cease.

LA MASQUE,

OR,

THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN;

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWINS SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY," "ERMINIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

LEOLINE'S VISITORS.

If things were done twice—but they are not, and never will be, while this whirligig world of mistakes spins round, and all Adam's children, to the end of the chapter, will continue spinning to-day and repenting to-morrow, the next and bewailing it the day after.

If Leoline had gone to bed directly, like a good, dutiful little girl, as Sir Norman ordered her, she would have saved herself a good deal of trouble and tears; but Leoline and sleep were destined to shake hands and turn their backs on each other that night. It was time for all honest folks to be in bed, and the dark-eyed beauty knew it, too, but she had no notion of going, nevertheless. She stood in the center of the room, where he had left her, with a spot like a scarlet roseberry on either cheek; a soft, half-smile on the perfect mouth, and a light, incomparably tender and dreamy, in those Artesian wells of beauty—her eyes. Most young girls of green and tender years, suffering from "Love's young dream," and that sort of thing, have just that soft, shy, brooding look, whenever their thoughts happen to turn to their parental beloved; and there are few eyes so ugly that it does not beautify, even should they be as cross as two sticks. You should have seen Leoline standing in the center of her pretty room, with her bright rose-satin glancing, and glittering, and flowing over rug and mat; with her black waving hair clustering and curling like shining floss silk; with a rich white shimmer of pearls on the pale smooth forehead and large beautiful arms. She did look irresistibly bewitching, beyond doubt; and it was just as well for Sir Norman's peace of mind that he did not see her, for he was bad enough without that. So she stood thinking tenderly of him for a half-hour or so, quite undisturbed by the storm; and how strange it was that she had risen up that very morning expecting to be one man's bride, and that she should rise up the next, expecting to be another's. She could not realize it at all; and with a little sigh—half-pensive—she walked to the window, drew the curtain, and looked out at the night.

All was peaceful and serene; the moon was full to overflowing, and a great deal of extra light ran over the brim; quite a quantity of stars were out, and were twinkling pleasantly down at the dark little planet below, that went round and round with grim stoicism, and paid no attention to anybody's business but its own. She saw the heaps of black, charred ashes that the rush of rain had quenched; she saw the still

and empty street; the frowning row of gloomy houses opposite, and the man on guard before one of them. She had watched that man all day, thinking, with a sick shudder, of the plague-stricken prisoners he guarded, and reading its piteous inscription. "Lord have mercy on us!" till the words seemed branded on her brain. While she looked now, an upper window was opened, a night-cap was thrust out, and a voice from its cavernous depths hailed the guard.

"Robert! I say, Robert?"

"Well?" said Robert, looking up.

"Then I'll recall that promise. I have changed my mind."

"Well, that's not very astonishing; it is but the privilege of your sex! Nevertheless, I'm afraid I must insist on your becoming Countess L'Estrange, and that immediately!"

"Never, sir! I will die first!"

"Oh, no! We could not spare such a bright little beauty out of this ugly world! You will live, and live for me!"

"Sir!" cried Leoline, white with passion, and her black eyes blazing with a fire that would have killed him, could fiery glances slay, "I do not know how you have entered here; but I do know, if you are a gentleman, you will leave me instantly! Go, sir! I never wish to see you again!"

"But when I wish to see you so much, my darling Leoline," said the count, with provoking indifference, "what does a little reluctance on your part signify? Get your hood and mantle, my love—my horse awaits us without—and let us fly where neither plague nor mortal man will interrupt our nuptials!"

"Will no one take this man away?" she cried, looking helplessly round, and wringing her hands.

"Certainly not, my dear—not even Sir Norman Kingsley! George, I am afraid the pretty little vixen will not go peacefully; you had better come in!"

With a smile on his face, he took a step toward her. Shrieking wildly, she darted across the room, and made for the door just as somebody else was entering it. The next instant a shawl was thrown over her head, her cries smothered in it, and she was lifted in a pair of strong arms, carried down-stairs, and out into the night.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE THIRD VISION.

PRESENTMENTS are strange things. From the first moment Sir Norman entered the city, and his thoughts had been able to leave Miranda and find themselves wholly on Leoline, a heavy foreboding of evil to her had oppressed him. Some danger, he was sure, had befallen her during his absence—how could it be otherwise with the Earl of Rochester and Count L'Estrange both on her track? Perhaps, by this time, one or other had found her, and alone and unaided she had been an easy victim, and was now borne beyond his reach forever. The thought galled him and his horse almost to distraction; for the moment it struck him, he struck spurs into his horse, making that unoffending animal jump spasmodically, like one of those prancing steeds Miss Bonheur is fond of depicting. Through the streets he flew at a frantic rate, growing more excited and full of apprehension the nearer he came to old London Bridge; and calling himself a select litany of hard names inwardly, for having left the dear little thing at all.

"If I find her safe and well," thought Sir Norman, emphatically, "nothing short of an earthquake or dying of the plague will ever induce me to leave her again, until she is Lady Kingsley, and in the old manor at Devonshire. What a fool, and idiot, and ninny I must have been, to have left her as I did, knowing those two sleuth-hounds were in full chase! What are all the Mirandas and midnight queens to me, if Leoline is lost?"

That last question was addressed to the elements in general; and as they disdained reply, he cantered on furiously, till the old house by the river was reached. It was the third time that night he had paused to contemplate it, and each time with very different feelings; first, from simple curiosity; second, in an ecstasy of delight, and third and last, in an agony of apprehension. All around was peaceful and still; moon and stars sailed serenely through a sky of silver and snow; a faint cool breeze floated up from the river and fanned his hot and fevered forehead; the whole city lay wrapped in stillness, as profound and deathlike as the fabled one of the marble prince in the Eastern tale—nothing living moved abroad but the lonely night-guard keeping their dreary vigils before the plague-stricken houses, and the ever-present, ever-busy post-cart, with its mournful bell and dreadful cry. As far as Sir Norman could see, no other human being but himself, and the solitary watchman, so often mentioned, were visible. Even he could scarcely be said to be present; for, though leaning against the house with his halberd on his shoulder, he was sound asleep at his post, and far away in the land of dreams. It was the second night of his watch; and with a good conscience and a sound digestion, there is no earthly anguish short of the toothache strong enough to keep a man awake two nights in succession. So sound were his balmy slumbers in his airy chamber that not even the loud clatter of Sir Norman's horse's hoofs proved strong enough to arouse him; and that young gentleman, after glancing at him, made up his mind to try to find out for himself before arousing him to seek information. Securing his horse, he looked up at the house with wistfully earnest eyes, and saw that the solitary light still burned in her chamber. It struck him now how very imprudent it was to keep that lamp burning; for if Count L'Estrange saw it, it was all up with Leoline—and there was even more to be dreaded from him than from the earl. How was he to find out whether that illuminated chamber had a tenant or not? Certainly, standing there staring till doomsday would not do it; and there seemed but two ways, of entering the house at once, or arousing the man. But the man was sleeping so soundly that it seemed a pity to awake him for a trifling; and, after all, there could be no great harm or indiscretion in his entering to see if his bride was safe. Probably Leoline was asleep, and would know nothing about it; or, even were she wide awake, and watchful, she was altogether too sensible a girl to be displeased at his anxiety about her. If she were still awake, and waiting for day-dawn, he resolved to stay with her and keep her from feeling lonesome until that time came—if she were asleep, he would steal out softly again, and keep guard at her door until morning. Full of these praiseworthy resolutions, he tried the handle of the door, half expecting to find it locked, and himself obliged to perpetrate an entrance through the window; but no, it yielded to his touch and he went in. Hall and staircase were intensely dark, but he knew his way without a pilot this time, and steered clear of all shoals and quicksands, through the hall and up the stairs. The door of the lighted room—Leoline's room—lay wide open, and he paused on the threshold to reconnoiter. He had gone softly for fear of startling her, and now, with the same tender caution, he glanced round the room. The lamp burned on the dainty dressing-table, where undisturbed lay jewels, perfume-bottles, sprunking-glass and mirror. The cithern lay unmolested on the couch, the rich curtains were drawn; everything was as he had left it last—everything but the pretty pink figure, with drooping eyes, and pearls in the waves of her rich black hair. He looked round for the things she had worn, hoping she had taken them off and retired to rest, but they were not to be seen; and with a cold

sinking of the heart, he went noiselessly across the room, and to the bed. It was empty, and showed no trace of having been otherwise since he and the pest-cart driver had borne from it the apparently lifeless form of Leoline. Yes, she was gone; and Sir Norman turned for a moment so sick with utter dread that he leaned against one of the tall curved posts, and hated himself for having left her with a heartlessness that his worst enemy could not have surpassed. Then aroused into new and spasmodic energy by the exigency of the case, he seized the lamp, and going out to the hall, made the house ring from basement to attic with her name. No reply but that hollow, melancholy echo that sounds so lugubriously through empty houses, was returned; and he jumped down-stairs with an impetuous rush, flinging back every door in the hall below with a crash, and flying wildly from room to room. In solemn, grim repose they lay; but none of them held the bright figure in rose-satin he sought. And he left them in despair, and went back to her chamber again. "Leoline! Leoline! Leoline!" he called, while he rushed impetuously up-stairs, and down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber; but Leoline answered not—perhaps never would answer more! Even "hoping against hope," he had to give up the chase at last—no Leoline did that house hold, and with this conviction despairingly impressed on his mind, Sir Norman Kingsley covered his face with his hands, and uttered a dismal groan. Yet, forsooth as was the case, he groaned but once, "only that and nothing more;" there was no time for such small luxuries as groaning and tearing his hair, and boiling over with wrath and vengeance against the human race generally, and those two diabolical specimens of it, the Earl of Rochester and Count L'Estrange, particularly. He plunged head foremost down-stairs, and out of the door. There he was impetuously brought up all standing; for somebody stood before it, gazing up at the gloomy front with as much earnestness as he had done himself, and against this individual he rushed recklessly with a shock that nearly sent the pair of them over into the kennel.

"Sacr-r-e!" cried a shrill voice, in tones of indignant remonstrance. "What do you mean, monsieur! Are you drunk, or crazy, that you come running head foremost into peaceable citizens, and throwing them heels uppermost on the king's highway? Stand off, sir! and think yourself lucky that I don't run you through with my dirk for such an insult!"

At the first sound of the outraged treble tones, Sir Norman had started back, and glared upon the speaker with much the same expression of countenance as an incensed tiger. The orator of the spirited address had stooped to pick up his plumed cap, and recover his center of gravity, which was considerably knocked out of place by the unexpected collision, and held forth with very flashing eyes, and altogether too angry to recognize his auditor. Sir Norman waited until he had done, and then springing at him, grabbed him by the collar.

"You young hound!" he exclaimed, fairly lifting him off his feet with one hand, and shaking him as if he would have wriggled out of hose and doublet. "You infernal young jackanapes! I'll run you through in less than two minutes, if you don't tell me where you have taken her."

The astonishment, not to say consternation, of Master Hubert—for that small young gentleman and no other it was—on having his ideas thus shaken out of him, was unbounded, and held him perfectly speechless, while Sir Norman glared at and shook him in a way that would have instantaneously killed him if his looks were lightning. The boy had recognized his aggressor, and after his first galvanic shock, struggled like a little hero to free himself, and at length succeeded by an artfulpring.

"Sir Norman Kingsley," he cried, keeping a safe yard or two of pavement between him and that infuriated young knight, "have you gone mad, or what, in Heaven's name, is the meaning of all this?"

"It means," exclaimed Sir Norman, drawing his sword, and flourishing it within an inch of the boy's curly head, "that you'll be a dead page in less than half a minute, without you tell me immediately where she has been taken to."

"Where who has been taken to?" inquired Hubert, opening his bright and indignant black eyes in a way that reminded Sir Norman forcibly of Leoline. "Pardon, monsieur, I don't understand at all."

"You young villain! Do you mean to stand up there and tell me to my face that you have not searched for her, and found her, and have carried her off?"

"Why, do you mean the lady we were talking of, that was saved from the river?" asked Hubert, a new light dawning upon him.

"Do I mean the lady we were talking of?" repeated Sir Norman, with another furious flourish of his sword. "Yes, I do mean the lady we were talking of; and what's more—I mean to pin you where you stand, against that wall, unless you tell me, instantly, where she has been taken."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the boy, raising his hand with an earnestness there was no mistaking. "I do assure you, upon my honor, that I know nothing of the lady whatever; that I have not found her; that I have never set eyes on her since the earl saved her from the river."

The earnest tone of truth, would, in itself, almost have convinced Sir Norman, but it was not that, that made him drop his sword and sit suddenly down. The pale, startled face, the dark, sombre eyes, were so exactly Leoline's, that they thrilled him through and through, and almost made him believe, for a moment, he was talking to Leoline herself.

"Are you—are you sure you are not Leoline?" he inquired, almost convinced, for an instant, by the marvelous resemblance, that it was really so.

"Me! Positively, Sir Norman, I cannot understand this at all, unless you wish to enjoy yourself at my expense."

"Look here, Master Hubert!" said Sir Norman, with a sudden change of look and tone.

"If you do not understand, I shall just tell you, in a word or two, how matters are, and then let me hear you clear yourself. You know the lady we were talking about, that Lord Rochester picked up afloat, and sent you in search of?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well," went on Sir Norman, with a sort of grim stoicism. "After leaving you, I started on a little expedition of my own, two miles from the city, from which expedition I returned ten minutes ago. When I left the lady was secure and safe in this house; when I came back she was gone. You were in search of her—had told me yourself you were determined on finding her, and having her carried off; and now, my youthful friend, put this and that together, with a momentary returning glare, "and see what it amounts to!"

"It amounts to this!" retorted his youthful friend, stoutly; "that I know nothing whatever about it. You may make out a case of strong circumstantial evidence against me; but if the

lady has been carried off, I have had no hand in it."

Again Sir Norman was staggered by the frank, bold gaze and truthful voice, but still the string was in a tangle somewhere.

"And where have you been ever since?" he began, severely, and with the air of a lawyer about to go into rigid cross-examination.

"Searching for her," was the prompt reply.

"Where?"

"Through the streets; in the pest-houses, and at the plague-pit."

"How did you find out she lived here?"

"I did not find it out. When I became convinced she was in none of the places I have mentioned, I gave up the search in despair, for to-night, and was returning to his lordship to report my ill success."

"Why then, were you standing in front of her house, gaping at it with all the eyes in the head, as if it were the eighth wonder of the world?"

"Monsieur has not the most courteous way

of asking questions that I ever heard of; but I have no particular objection to: answer him. It struck me that, as Mr. Ormiston brought the lady up this way, and as I saw you and he haunting this place so much to-night, I thought her residence was somewhere here, and I paused to look at the house as I went along. In fact, I intended to ask old sleepy-head, over there, for further particulars, before I left the neighborhood, had not you, Sir Norman, run bolt into me, and knocked every idea clean out of my head?"

"And you are sure you are not Leoline?" said Sir Norman, suspiciously.

"To the best of my belief, Sir Norman, I am not," replied Hubert, reflectively.

"Well, it is all very strange, and very aggravating," said Sir Norman, sighing and sheathing his sword. "She is gone, at all events; no doubt about that—and if you have not carried her off, somebody else has."

"Perhaps she has gone herself," insinuated Hubert.

"Bah! Gone herself!" said Sir Norman, scornfully. "The idea is beneath contempt! I tell you, Master Fine-feathers, the lady and I were to be married bright and early to-morrow morning, and leave this disgusting city for Devonshire. Do you suppose, then, she would run out in the small hours of the morning, and go prancing about the streets, or eloping with herself?"

"Why, of course, Sir Norman, I can't take it upon myself to answer positively; but to the mildest phrase, I must say the lady seems decidedly eccentric, and capable of doing very queer things. I hope, however, you believe me; for I earnestly assure you I never laid eyes on her but that once."

"I believe you," said Sir Norman, with another profound and broken-hearted sigh, "and I'm only too sure she has been abducted by that conniving scoundrel and treacherous villain, Count L'Estrange."

"Count who?" said Hubert, with a quick start, and a look of intense curiosity. "What was the name?"

"L'Estrange—a scoundrel of the deepest dye. Perhaps you know him?"

"No," replied Hubert, with a queer, half-smiling smile, "no; but I have a notion I have musing smile, "no; but I have a notion I have

name. Was he a rascal of yours?"

"I should think so! He was to have been married to the lady this very night."

"He was, eh! And what stopped the match?"

"She took the plague!" said Sir Norman, strange to say, not at all offended at the boy's familiarity. "And who would have been thrown into the plague-pit but for me, and when she recovered she accepted me and cast him off?"

"A quick exchange! The lady's heart must be most flexible, and unusually large, to be able to hold so many at once."

"It never held him," said Sir Norman, frowning; "she was forced into the marriage by her mercenary friends. Oh! if I had him here, wouldn't I make him wish the highwaymen had shot him through the head and done for him, before I would let him go?"

"What is he like—this Count L'Estrange?" said Hubert, carelessly.

"Like the black-hearted traitor and villain he is!" replied Sir Norman, with more energy than truth; for he had caught but passing glimpses of the count's features, and those showed him they were decidedly prepossessing; "and he sinks along like a coward and an abductor as he is, in a slouched hat and shadowy cloak. Oh! if I had him here!" repeated Sir Norman, with vivacity, "wouldn't I—"

"Yes, of course you would," interposed Hubert, and serve him right, too! Have you made any inquiries about the matter—for instance, of our friend, sleeping the sleep of the just, across there?"

"No—why?"

"Why, it seems to me, if she's been carried off before he fell asleep, he has probably heard or seen something of it; and I think it would not be a bad plan to step over and inquire."

"Well, we can try," said Sir Norman, with a despairing face; "but I know it will end in disappointment and vexation of spirit, like all the rest!"

With which dismal view of things, he crossed the street side by side with his jaunty young friend. The watchman was still enjoying the balm, and snoring in short, sharp snorts, when Master Hubert remorselessly caught him by the shoulder, and began a series of shakes and pokes, and digs, and "hallos!" and "wags up!" while Sir Norman stood near and contemplated the scene with a pensile eye. At last, after undergoing a severe course of this treatment, the watchman was induced to open his eyes on this mortal life, and transfix the two beholders with an intensely vacant and blank stare.

"Hey!" he inquired, helplessly. "What was you a-saying of, gentlemen? What was it?"

"We weren't a-saying of anything as yet," returned Hubert; "but we mean to shortly!"

"Are you quite sure you are wide awake?"

"What do you want?" was the cross-question, given by way of answer. "What do you come bothering me for at such a rate, all night, I want to know?"

"Keep civil, friend, we wear swords," said Hubert, touching with dignity, the hilt of a little dagger he carried; "we only want to ask you a few questions. First, do you see that house over yonder?"

"Oh! I see it," said the man, gruffly;

"I'm not blind!"

"Well, who was the last person you saw come out of that house?"

"I don't know who they was!" still more gruffly. "I ain't got the pleasure of their acquaintance!"

"Did you see a young lady come out of it lately?"

"Did I see a young lady?" burst out the watchman, in a high key of aggravated exasperation. "How many more times this blessed am I to be asked about that young lady?"

"First and foremost, there comes two young men, which this here is one of them, and they take out the young lady and have her hauled away

in the dead-cart; then comes along another, as wants to know all the particulars, and by the time he gets properly away, somebody else comes and brings her back like a drowned rat. Then all sorts of people goes in and out, till I get tired looking at them, and then fall asleep, and before I've been in that condition above a minute, you two come punching me and waking me up to ask questions about her! I wish that young lady was in Jericho—I do!" said the watchman, with a smothered growl.

"Come, come, my man," said Hubert, slapping him soothily on the shoulder. "Don't be savage, if you can help it! This gentleman has a gold coin in some of his pockets, I know, and it will fall to you if you keep quiet and answer decently. Tell me how many have been in that house since the young lady was brought back like a drowned rat?"

"How many?" said the man, meditatively, with his eyes fixed on Sir Norman's garments, and he, perceiving that, immediately gave him the promised coin to refresh his memory, which it did amazing quick

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In most of the so-called boys' papers discriminating public finds little to admire. In manner, spirit and matter they are such that no parent, who values its child's taste, principles or morals, can afford to omit a careful examination of these "juvenile" weeklies. Such an examination will excite anger and consternation over the kind of matter which loads the badly-printed and coarsely "illustrated" pages. The rapid succession of fictitious narratives which form the great bulk of the reading is but rarely redeemed by the use of a story of real merit or instructiveness.

Sunshine Papers.

Sold—A Birthright.

YOUNG MAN.—"Seven o'clock! and I have not slept a wink all night. Confound it! How stale I feel, after thinking, thinking all these hours. The more fool I to be so undecided. Why should I let any scruples annoy me? Other men would use the bonds without giving the matter a second consideration; while I have not decided to use them. Yet, why should I not?"

You would be a thief.

"A thief! Great heavens! Why should that ugly word come into my mind? It is no robbery to just use the bonds. If I were not going to replace them, the affair would be ex-

tirely different; but I shall only borrow them for a few days, and it will be harming no one. Every day men are using other people's property to help themselves to gain some—men who are considered models of integrity, morality, and piety; and as they increase in wealth, they gain more respect from the world and are courted and flattered by religious denominations. Then why should I not better my condition? There is no reason, that I can see, why I should always remain assistant treasurer of the — Company, at a salary of twenty-five hundred a year, when a sure and quick way to wealth is open to me? Yes, I will travel this road to good fortune."

It is the road of Evil leading to Crime.

"Crime! It would be no crime. I only should use the bonds a little time, as collateral, and replace them before the next coupons are payable. And then I shall use so few; but fifteen thousand dollars' worth. I can soon double that, and so put them back and buy and sell upon my own securities."

And if you fail?

"I should not fail! Why, of course I should not! The markets were never in a more promising condition for a man to make money, and Blindeye & Scallawag are an excellent firm to operate for one."

Rogues!

"Oh! hardly that; I used to be so dreadfuly milk-sopish as to think men could do business and yet be angelic. But when a man gets into the business world he soon outgrows such sentimentalism. People must live; and they cannot do so if they are over nice about every little matter. That firm only works to earn its living, and is not much worse than the majority of business firms. A man with an oversupply of conscience must make up his mind to starve all his life."

You have never known want; and yet, herefore, have never committed a dishonorable act.

"I have never been dishonorable, true! When I first came to New York, a little boy, I promised mother to 'keep my soul white'—Oh, mother! mother! indeed your boy has kept his promise! If you have guarded my life, you know how I have won love and respect and confidence, and that I have been as honorable as the son of such a mother should be. I have kept my soul white—mother, I will! I will—but—Oh, heavens! why should I suffer these torments? It is only a little thing I wish to do. No one can be harmed by it; while I shall be bettered. Of course, if I should fail, I should be in a horrible mess. Though if I had rich friends to back me, it would make little difference. There is the injustice of society. Wealth can wipe out any stain, and wealth I will have!"

It will never blot out the stain upon your soul.

"Will there be a stain upon my soul? Will mother see it? Will I have sold my—Oh, what nonsense! I will do what others do! I will make money! It will all come out right, and I will do wisely with my wealth. It would be so different if I wanted money to spend in doubtful pleasures or dissipations. But I do nothing that is immoral. I do not even drink or smoke. It is only for Emily's sake I want to be rich."

That is a lie!

"It is for Emily that I wish to purchase a nice house, and furnish it prettily, and live in it comfortably. I cannot bear to take her from a luxurious home, to offer her less comforts than she has now."

The old story: "the woman tempted me."

Has Emily repined at your position?

"Of course Emily would marry me, just the same if I had only a thousand a year instead of twenty-five hundred. That is all the more reason why I should reward her fond love with all the pleasures that competence can give. I want my wife to dress as handsomely and live as well after her marriage as before. And position depends upon one's wealth. That brown-stone Hill was mentioning to me, is a perfect bargain—only fifteen thousand. If I only could make that amount—And I'll be a man. I will make it. I'll use the bonds to take them down to Wall street to-day!"

Keep your soul!

"Oh, confound it! This is a business affair—such as hundreds of men engage in. I will be rich. I've indulged in silly vacillation long enough. I say I will use the bonds!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

"In jail! A thief! Oh, God! if I could only die—but I cannot; there is a stain on my soul; neither can I face the world. Disgraced! Disgraced! Disgraced! From a good position in business, from high social standing, from esteem and office in religious circles, from Emily's love, from freedom! from my own respect—cast out! Oh, it is too horrible! And yet it was my own choice—I wanted wealth; I would not believe I could fail to win it. Now I am a felon. I have lost fifteen thousand dollars of money that was not mine, and that I cannot repay—I have lost everything! I have blotted out my past and destroyed my future. I have blackened my soul—and to "keep thy soul white," is a man's birthright. God help me—only twenty-eight, and I have sold mine! Sold my birthright! and for what?"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MANY people hate to write letters, but few there are who dislike to receive them, unless the missive contains a bill which you are requested to settle at once—and what a rush there is when the mail arrives and the letters are distributed! You would think some people were almost maniacs if you were to visit some country town where the mail only gets along once a week. Eagerness is depicted on every countenance and frantically are letters "grabbed." Whether they contain good spelling or perfect grammar or not, they are just as highly prized, and it doesn't take people long to devour the contents of each missive.

How many different subjects are contained in those letters, and how much of the individual's character shines forth in them, until we seem to have the writer's face to face with us! I love to receive letters—not ones full of high-stuffed language and big sounding phrases, but those written just as the writers at heart *feel*, so I can sympathize with their trouble or congratulate them in their successes.

Here are a few lines from a young student, who was playing the rôle of pedagogue, last winter, in the New England States:

The old dame, boarding with me, is one of the most. She will give a history of every event and circumstance that ever came under her notice. I think she talks sometimes for an hour, almost without interruption. I usually take a book or newspaper when she is "going it" for my especial benefit. But she never notices whether any one is listening, nor does she stop right on. I like to hear conversation and gain information on some topics, but there are some subjects I am not interested in."

You would be a thief.

"A thief! Great heavens! Why should that ugly word come into my mind? It is no robbery to just use the bonds. If I were not going to replace them, the affair would be ex-

I wonder if she talks about "Almyr's new bonnet," or expatiates on the "true sphere of woman?" Maybe she tells how many beaux she had when she was young, who their parents, grandparents, great-grandparents and great, great grandparents were, all of their names and the occupations they followed as well as relating how many eligible offers she had refused, and all of the whys and because, I should be tempted to sing:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

I think Mr. Bergh is wanted in that section.

Emily writes me that she is hurried to death to get her work done, and she doesn't see why sewing-machines will not go faster, although she has one of the fastest and the best make. This leads me to wonder how Emily would have been content to live in those times when sewing-machines were as rare as they are now plenty. Away back in the past there is an account of the stitches in a plain garment, and they reach an aggregate of 20,646, and all of them done by hand!

It is the road of Evil leading to Crime.

"Crime! It would be no crime. I only should use the bonds a little time, as collateral, and replace them before the next coupons are payable. And then I shall use so few; but fifteen thousand dollars' worth. I can soon double that, and so put them back and buy and sell upon my own securities."

And if you fail?

"I should not fail! Why, of course I should not! The markets were never in a more promising condition for a man to make money, and Blindeye & Scallawag are an excellent firm to operate for one."

Rogues!

"Oh! hardly that; I used to be so dreadfuly milk-sopish as to think men could do business and yet be angelic. But when a man gets into the business world he soon outgrows such sentimentalism. People must live; and they cannot do so if they are over nice about every little matter. That firm only works to earn its living, and is not much worse than the majority of business firms. A man with an oversupply of conscience must make up his mind to starve all his life."

You have never known want; and yet, herefore, have never committed a dishonorable act.

"I have never been dishonorable, true!

When I first came to New York, a little boy, I promised mother to 'keep my soul white'—Oh, mother! mother! indeed your boy has kept his promise! If you have guarded my life, you know how I have won love and respect and confidence, and that I have been as honorable as the son of such a mother should be. I have kept my soul white—mother, I will! I will—but—Oh, heavens! why should I suffer these torments? It is only a little thing I wish to do. No one can be harmed by it; while I shall be bettered. Of course, if I should fail, I should be in a horrible mess. Though if I had rich friends to back me, it would make little difference. There is the injustice of society. Wealth can wipe out any stain, and wealth I will have!"

It will never blot out the stain upon your soul.

"Will there be a stain upon my soul? Will mother see it? Will I have sold my—Oh, what nonsense! I will do what others do! I will make money! It will all come out right, and I will do wisely with my wealth. It would be so different if I wanted money to spend in doubtful pleasures or dissipations. But I do nothing that is immoral. I do not even drink or smoke. It is only for Emily's sake I want to be rich."

That is a lie!

"It is for Emily that I wish to purchase a nice house, and furnish it prettily, and live in it comfortably. I cannot bear to take her from a luxurious home, to offer her less comforts than she has now."

The old story: "the woman tempted me."

Has Emily repined at your position?

"Of course Emily would marry me, just the same if I had only a thousand a year instead of twenty-five hundred. That is all the more reason why I should reward her fond love with all the pleasures that competence can give. I want my wife to dress as handsomely and live as well after her marriage as before. And position depends upon one's wealth. That brown-stone Hill was mentioning to me, is a perfect bargain—only fifteen thousand. If I only could make that amount—And I'll be a man. I will make it. I'll use the bonds to take them down to Wall street to-day!"

Keep your soul!

"Oh, confound it! This is a business affair—such as hundreds of men engage in. I will be rich. I've indulged in silly vacillation long enough. I say I will use the bonds!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

The noble red-man has taken up his residence now on the plains, and of course may be considered a plain man in many respects; he attirets himself in about all that he can put on, and does no work that he can put off, since he shows a very evident trait of intense modern civilization by making his wife do all the work while he sits around the hotels smoking cigars, and pulling himself over ten cent drinks like a boot.

The education of the red-man was naturally neglected, and he could no more tell when whisky spells than he could climb up and slide down his own back, and he would have to tell by the taste—and he has developed a fine taste for that article of distilled enlightenment.

They are very cunning, and can sneak up and relieve a man of all necessary trouble in trying to provide food for himself, and he will never have any knowledge of it afterward, and anybody fooling foolishly around an Indian is at no expense of buying fine tooth combs or hair dyes, or other foolishness of that sort. Every Indian is a barber-shop in himself.

They seem to think that the divine purpose of a white man is to be scalped, and they are sure to send them home bald-headed. They are such practical fellos, these Indians.

All Indians don't live in Indiana.

Indians are not worth very much in the market that I run. I wouldn't give fifteen counterfeits cents for a whole drove of them if they should ever come up to me in the longest hour of my life, out in the wilderness, I might be polite but I wouldn't be pleased.

When I am exceedingly busy I love to sit down and go to sleep—I never have very far to go—and dream that I am out among the Indians, and killing them as fast as I can shoot. I have killed many thousands of them in that way, and if I keep on in a few years I will have them pretty well thinned out; but I hate to dream that they get bold enough to turn back and persuade me to become the proprietor of a big run myself. I have been killed several hundred times of this way, and am in great danger, therefore, of becoming extinct, some of these days, if I don't dry this kind of business up, or commit more slaughter.

The Indians have the credit of inventing Indian meal; it dismazes a person to think of it; but all the properties of corn they did not discover—they didn't know how to squeeze it, or tap the stalks.

There are a great many kinds of wild Indians—all, however, of the bad kind.

I never would sit down in an Indian's chair; to have him barber me is a little too much savage.

The closer the Indians are pressed to the Pacific the further from pacific they are.

DREAMING AT FOURESCORE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She sits in the open doorway,
While the sun goes down the West,
With her kerchief folded smoothly
Across her aged breast.

Her hair is whiter than silver;
Once bright, and always fair;
The sunshine lies on its meshes,
And works its wonders there.

Her cheeks are wrinkled and faded
Where the roses used to blow;
She roses are all too tender
For old age's frost and snow.

Her hands in her lap are folded
And her ball has rolled away
From her knitting-work, and the kitten
Is ready for reckless play.

Her eyes are afar on the landscape,
She sees no living thing;
She is looking back into her girlhood,
Into her life's fair spring.

And as she looks back to the springtime
Of a long and useful life,
She thinks of its lights and shadows;
Of its doubts, and hopes, and strife.

She thinks, as she sits in the sunshine
Of this golden afternoon,
Of the beautiful moonlight evenings,
Far back in a happy June.

When she used to stand by the gateway,
And look at the far, white stars,
And hark for a well-known footstep,
And the fall of the meadow bars,

And then she thinks the morning
When, clad in her bridal white,
She went from the home of her girlhood,
Under skies that were strangely bright.

To the pleasant and lonely household
Where a new, sweet little whom,
When they stand out on the journey
Which ends but when life is done.

Six think of the little children
That came to their pleasant home,
And were so much like sunshine
That she never thought of gloom.

And then there comes o'er the picture
A shadow which hides the sun,
And she sees the grave of your youngest
The last and the fairest one.

The years roll on with their changes;
And the children are taller grown,
When a shadow, worse than all others,
Falls over the threshold stone.

She stands again by her husband,
When his bark of life sets sail
For the land of the great hereafter,
Beyond this earthy vale.

She hears him say, as she presses
The last kiss on his brow,
"We've been happy a long time, darling,
And I hate that I leave you now."

She thinks of the dreamy sorrow
Which follows us to life in,
When they laid him down in the churchyard,
Away from all care and sin.

They had worked and toiled together
For many a pleasant year.
And without him, life was lonely,
But God gave her heart good cheer.

She read His Word, and believed it,
And found sweet solace there,
And often ta ked with her husband
By the means of faith and prayer.

Her children had grown, and their pathways
Lay all ways, near and far;

But one, who was most like his father,
Had kept his mother there.

She loved to look at his features
When his daily toil was done,
And think of that far-off season
When her work of life began.

And of him who had gone before her
So many years ago,
To sing the songs of Heaven,
And know what the angels know.

The sunshine drifted about her
Like a blessing from the skies,
And she woke from her sleepless dreaming
With a start that was half-surprise.

The sleek white kitten had tangled
Her yarn in an endless coil,
And curled itself in the sunshine
For a rest from its merry toll.

She took up her life and her knitting
And began where she laid them down,
While the sunshine wove in her tresses
Gold threads for the vanished brown.

She looked away toward the churchyard
Where the grass grew green and tall,
Which sprung from the sods that covered
One she loved best of all,

And thought ere long they would lay her
Away 'neath the grass-green sod,
And two lives be re-united
For evermore with God.

The Men of '76.

SERGEANT JASPER,
The Hero of the Ranks.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

WHILE celebrating the services of the lead-
ers in field and council in the War for Inde-
pendence, we should not overlook those heroes
of the ranks by whose prowess and devotion
the cause was sustained and Liberty attained.

Among the "untitled great" must be named
Sergeant William Jasper, the Irish grenadier,
who first appears in history in an act so daring
that all generations will delight to do him
honor.

Enlisting in Moultrie's Second South Caro-
lina regiment, he participated with that regi-
ment in the glorious defense of the fort on Sul-
livan's Island (June 28th, 1776). [See sketch of
Moultrie.] Early in the action the heavy
fire concentrated upon the fort cut away the
flagstaff which bore the State colors—a strip of
blue cloth bearing a white crescent in its cen-
ter—and the flag tumbled forward into the
ditch. All Charleston was out witnessing the
terrific battle with the fleet; and, seeing the
colors go down, thought it was a sign of Moul-
trie's surrender. But the apprehension was of
brief duration, for soon the flag again floated
from the battlements, on a staff extempored
from a sponge-staff! Jasper beholding the loss
of the flag, left his gun, sprang through the
embrasure, and tearing the colors off the shat-
tered staff bore them back, through the embras-
ure, into the fort, amid the wild hurrahs of his
comrades and officers. Fixing the flag to a
sponge-staff he sprang upon the parapet, and
there sat, holding aloft the colors until a new
staff and colors were erected in the parade!

The marvelous daring of this act, when shot
and shell were literally showering upon the
spot, elicited, as it so well deserved, the warmest
commendations of officers and men alike. When it came to the knowledge of Governor
Rutledge, he publicly presented the heroic grenadier
with his own elegant sword, and offered
Jasper a captain's commission. The Governor's
word he accepted and wore with the most
honorable pride, but the commission he had to
decline, for, being wholly uneducated and
unable even to write, he could not assume a
patient's duties; so the brave fellow remained to
the last only Sergeant Jasper.

Appreciating Jasper's worth, Moultrie soon
gave him a kind of roving commission, to scout,
spy and skirmish on his own responsibility—
with authority to detach from the brigades all
the men he needed. He would choose never
more than half a dozen fellows as daring and
trustworthy as himself, and, suddenly disappearing
from camp, would be heard of no more until

returning with prisoners or valuable information,
after several days' exhaustive and ven-
turesome campaigning. In spying out Tory
haunts, and in uncovering their designs, he was
especially efficient. Lying concealed in swamps and
negro huts, and making confederates of the
negroes, he would often disconcert Tory
schemes—much to their amazement. He ent-
ertained for the Tories so hearty a detestation
that he would at all times undergo any hard-
ship to circumvent and defeat them. South
Carolina was full of these wretches. Lured by
British gold, they had enlisted with the enemy,
both openly and secretly, purposely to ravage
and murder among their own neighbors, and
Jasper, with his little squads, was almost incen-
sioned on their track.

For months he was employed in this hazardous
service—never failing to report to head-
quarters at the proper time. Learning that his
brother, who had enlisted in the British regular
service, was quartered with a detachment of the
enemy at their advance post at Ebenezer, he
made his way thither. Representing that he
was tired of the American service, he was
well received by his brother, and was offered
service in the British army, which he declined
under the plea of remaining neutral for a while.
After a three days' stay, and obtaining valua-
ble information, he succeeded in getting out
of the enemy's lines and "reported progress"
to Moultrie in person.

Again he visited Ebenezer, in company with
a comrade, Sergeant Newton, on a spy; again he
was well received and given the freedom of the
camp. This visit resulted in an adventure
which exemplified both his remarkable courage
and his innate goodness of heart.

Among the prisoners brought in was a man
named Jones, who, having taken the oath of
allegiance to the Crown, and enjoyed British
"protection," had repented of his bargain and
joined the patriots. Being caught with arms in
his hands he was liable to be hung for treason.
His wife and child followed him into camp and
begged most pitifully for his life, Jasper and
Newton both were greatly moved by the woman's
tears, but what could they do to save the husband?
The prisoners, eight in number, were sent under guard, to Savannah
—there to be tried and punished.

Learning of this the two sergeants slipped
out of camp and started for Savannah, hoping
to find some opportunity for an attack and re-
lease of the prisoners. The guard was a ser-
geant, corporal and eight men—in all, good
soldiers and well armed. It did seem foolhardy
for two to attempt their discomfiture; but, de-
spite the odds, Jasper and Newton persisted in
their resolve to save the poor woman's hus-
band, even at the peril of their own lives.

Near Savannah is a fine spring at which the
escort would probably halt for rest and drink,
before entering the town. That was the last
hope of the rescuers; so, reaching the spot be-
fore the little cavalcade, the two sergeants se-
creted themselves near the spring. Soon the
guard came along the highway and halted.
The prisoners, escorted by the corporal with
four men, approached the spring and sat down,
near at hand. While two of the guard re-
mained over them, two others approached the
spring, and placing their muskets against trees,
proceeded to fill their canteens. The sergeant
and his four men had stacked their arms in the
road, and stood near awaiting their turn at the
spring.

That was the propitious moment. Giving
the signal, Jasper and Newton shot down the
two guards standing over the prisoners, then in-
stantly sprung forward, and with clubbed
muskets knocked the two soldiers at the spring
senseless, and before the sergeant was aware of
the fact, the two assailants had assailed them
as they seized the two muskets of the dead
guards, and wresting the muskets from them
bounded forward between the troop and the
arms stacked in the road. This of course
placed the party at their mercy! The prisoners
advanced and were released of their wrist-
shackles by Newton, while Jasper kept his
musket poised to shoot the first soldier daring
to move from his tracks. As the prisoners
were released, each seized a musket, and in a
few moments the cavalcade moved off—the
guard now being the captives—toward Paris-
burg, where they arrived safely next morn-
ing.

Considering all the circumstances, this rescue,
within sight of Savannah, in a spot much fre-
quented by the enemy, was a signal instance
of personal daring and disinterested service,
and Jasper and Newton well deserved the
praise which this exploit won for them.

Jasper's career had an ending in keeping with
his soldier's devotion. When Moultrie's Second
South Carolinians returned to Charleston after
their defense of Fort Sullivan, and Sir Peter
Parker's fleet had wholly disappeared in the off-
ing, Mrs. Bernard Elliot, "one of the finest
women of Charleston," presented the regiment
with a stand of red and blue silk colors, richly
embroidered with her own fair hands, and in the
presentation speech adjured the regiment to de-
fend the colors "as long as they can wave in
the air of liberty." To which the sturdy Moul-
trie, for his men, gave a pledge that they should
never be dishonored. These colors it was the
pride of the bravest young officers to bear, and
in redeeming their commander's pledge four gallant
souls perished—Jasper being the fourth.

At the assault on Savannah the Second South
Carolins, led by Lieut.-Col. Laurens, was
given the heavy work of assaulting and carrying
the Spring Hill redoubt—the most powerful
of all the defensive works—defended by Col-
onel Maitland's splendid grenadiers and dis-
mounted dragoons. The story of that assault
is well known. [See sketches of Pulaski
and Lincoln.] It was an awful contest along
the whole line. Men went down before the
well-serve British artillery in great numbers.
But, with a heroism that was sublime,
one of those actual devotees at the shrine of the
Goddess of Fashion, who catches every moment
of the oracle; and there was not a trick of
movement, drapery or manner of the haughty
and high-bred woman who flitted by with only
cool veins, as he walked about in the light and
shadow looking for Miss Golden.

Her bright face, framed in its purple hair,
and illumined with those glorious eyes, had
haunted him so much since he went away, that
he would have felt love-sick and dis-
appointed, had he been told, on reaching his
threshold, that the pretty stranger had taken
flight. Yet he was almost totally unaware of
his feelings. He knew now that he took a cer-
tain pleasure in coming out to find the lost
bird, who, frightened and panting, had beaten
its wings against a new cage, seeking shelter,
and been admitted.

He made the entire circuit of the park,
across the street, and into the park. The moon was at
the full, and shining so brightly in a clear sky
that the lamps had not been lighted. The park
was deserted, except for a solitary couple pac-
ing slowly up and down a tree-shaded walk
some distance away. Mr. Rhodes peered sharp-
ly about at the seats under the trees, expecting
soon to discover a little figure nestled on some
one of them. He could not have answered had
he asked himself why he felt such a strange
gentle pleasure in this guest—why such a warm
thrill of benevolent impulse, of desire to cherish
and protect this wild, foolish, imprudent, but
innocent little creature, ran through his veins,
as he walked about in the light and shadow
looking for Miss Golden.

Her bright face, framed in its purple hair,
and illumined with those glorious eyes, had
haunted him so much since he went away, that
he would have felt love-sick and dis-
appointed, had he been told, on reaching his
threshold, that the pretty stranger had taken
flight. Yet he was almost totally unaware of
his feelings. He knew now that he took a cer-
tain pleasure in coming out to find the lost
bird, who, frightened and panting, had beaten
its wings against a new cage, seeking shelter,
and been admitted.

He made the entire circuit of the park,
across the street, and into the park. The moon was at
the full, and shining so brightly in a clear sky
that the lamps had not been lighted. Had Miss Golden
seen him, and, alarmed, taken flight again?
His spirit sunk; his feet lagged. He leaned
against the trunk of a tree; for want of some-
thing else to do just then he watched the pair
walking away down the arcade—a pair of lov-
ers, evidently, for the lady clung tenderly to
the gentleman's arm, with face lifted to catch
the low words he spoke as he bent his head to mur-
mur in her ear. It was not until they had turned,
and walking back, approached within a few
feet of him, that a sudden suspicion darted into
Redmond Rhodes' mind. They were in deep
shadow; but surely he knew that tall, elegant
figure, with the haughty, graceful head bent
half-condescendingly!—surely that slender lit-
tle form—Mr. Rhodes stepped quickly out into
the center of the path, just as the two emerged
from black shadow and advanced under the full
splendor of the moon, until seeing and recog-
nizing them, they started and stopped.

It was not often that Fraser Harold was
guilty of the weakness of blushing; but now, as he
met the blazing eyes of his neighbor sternly
reading his face, a deep purple flush passed
over it. Rhodes looked at him until his eyes
sunken, and then his contemptuous gaze turned
on the girl, who, pale and shrinking, yet clung
to her companion's arm, and whose eyes, al-
though frightened and expanding, did not lower,
but met his own honestly.

"As my life!" he spoke, after a full minute's silence.
"I do, my girl—I love you to distraction."

"Very well," interrupted Rhodes, struggling
to speak calmly—"and you love him?"

"As my life!"

"Then, allow me to make a suggestion to
you, sir. It is not too late to find our mutual
friend, the Rev. Mr. Brown, in his parlors. He
will unite you to this lady without delay. I
will accompany you to the rectory and give the
bride away. Situated as she is, if you have a
spark of manliness, Fraser Harold, you will
marry her to-night."

The white fingers of the moonlight painted
the three faces even more pallid than they had
become through emotion. That of the last
speaker glowed with the dignity of his feel-
ings; in that moment of manly defense of
helpless beauty he looked so grand, so more
than any merely young and handsome man
can look. That Florence, panting, distressed as
she was, even in the very instant of suspense,
stole at him a look of admiration and grati-
tude.

Fraser, as if ashamed to have the pure moon
read his face, shrunk a little into the shadow,
and when the girl to whom he had been
making passionate love for a month, turned
again, timidly stretching out her little hands
toward him with a touching gesture of faith,

ther, and tell him I have worn it with honor.
If the old man should weep, tell him his son
died in the hope of a better life. Tell Mrs.
Elliot that I lost my life supporting the colors
which she presented to our regiment. Should
you ever see Jones, (the prisoner he had rescued
at the spring near Savannah,) his wife and son,
tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the rem-
embrance of that battle which he fought for
them brought a secret joy to his heart when he
was breathing his last."

That was the last of the brave Sergeant
Jasper.

Black Eyes and Blue;

OR,

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT WILL HE DO ABOUT IT?

To return upon our history to Fraser Harold
and little dark-eyed Florence whiling away the
moonlit June evenings together—dangerous
amusement for one of the two! Scarcey had
passed, for four brief, bewitching weeks, but that
Fraser contrived, in some way, to talk with,
write to, or walk with his new acquaintance.
Florence usually asked Mrs. Plimpton to walk
with her for an hour in the park, after dusk, and
usually her guardian-dragon declined, with the
advice that she should go, however, for the air,
as she must require it and the exercise to keep
her health. To this little prisoner would give
a meek assent, and stealing over to the shadows
of the great trees in the inclosed grounds,
would soon be joined by an impatient lover,
who had spent a good part of his day in wait-
ing for this hour—or, at least, so he always
thought.

"None at all, sir. She's a bit vain and ex-
travagant, I'm thinking, sir; but an innocent
thing, quiet as a lamb."

"Been contented, shut up here alone as it
were?"

"She ain't worried or complained a mite, sir.
Never spoken to a soul but me, sir, all these
weeks; yet she seems cheerful."

"I think, then, she is all right—that her
story was not made up for the occasion, Mrs.
Plimpton?"

"Oh, she's no bad one, Mr. Rhodes. I'm
certain o' that. But what under the sun an
moon she's going to do, beats me. She ain't
nowise confidential, sir; and she's made herself
beautiful clothes, and says she'll have need of
'em."

"Perhaps she is going back to her father. I
have often regretted that I did not answer his
advertisement. She pleaded with me not to;
yet she is too young to judge for herself. I am
afraid I ought not to have listened to her."

"And are you home for the rest of the summer,
sir?" inquired the housekeeper, with some
curiosity; she had been very impatient to learn<br

he half averted it from the eager glance of the great, soft eyes. The two others waited so long for his answer it seemed to them he had determined not to give it.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW DANGER.

AMONG the frequenters of the gambling-table at a certain German Spa, in the season of 1870, none attracted such universal attention as a certain American gentleman known there as Mr. Goldenough. It was not that he played with a dare-devil recklessness—not even that he had a marvelous run of luck which continued week after week and made him the envy of the old play-eaters who lived on the feverish drug of a morbid excitement—but that he was generally accompanied by his daughter—a young creature, scarcely seventeen, whose rare and delicate beauty, of a type to set raving the coldest critics of woman's loveliness, was enhanced by her evident utter indifference to it, and the sweetly-sad expression of a pair of blue eyes whose purity was like that of the deep Alpine lakes which mirror nothing but the heaven above them.

Tall and slender; with hair like the ripples of sun-burnished waves, coming low and thick over a smooth white forehead, there was a freshness perfectly exquisite in the pure pink and white of her complexion—a charm, of itself, seldom seen except in her own land; while the short upper lip and the full under one, gave just enough promise of tenderness and warmth to soften the cold beauty of her other features. She was always dressed with plain elegance—no more coquetry in her attire than in her manner; always accompanied the pompous, handsome father who spent hours of every afternoon and evening at the magic tables; always waited with the same air of pensive indifference. Counts and dukes, barons and gay young bloods might stare at her by the hour; the only sign of consciousness of their observation she ever gave was to draw down her veil if any one's stare became insolent. So afraid of this loss to their feasting eyes did the lovers of beauty become, that they were extremely careful not to appear to be studying that fair countenance; and if some conceited fop, by too rude or prolonged a gaze, was the cause of the veil's coming down, he was frowned at as a common nuisance by the others. Young German artists, with wild, long hair and unkempt beards, would conceal their sketch-books behind the players, and steal the likeness of that loveliest face to reproduce it a thousand times afterward in their pictures. It came to be a question addressed to all new-comers—“Have you seen *la belle Americaine*?”

Men, high in the world of power and fashion, sought the acquaintance of the American banker and made themselves agreeable to him. He was genial and reciprocal; but he seldom introduced his daughter.

To Violet, this life she was leading with this new-found father of hers was strange as any page out of a book of fiction. She never could fully realize that it was herself who went through the quiet part, day after day, marked out for her by her manager; still less could she realize that this manager was her father, or that either was the sober deacon of the little Lycurgus church, the great man of the small New England village, toward whom, all her young life, she had felt a certain awe tempered by vague distrust.

On that afternoon when she had been accosted by Mr. Goldsborough on the road, near the bridge, and he begged her, importunately, to ride with him a little way while he could give her some messages for her mother, which he did not care to deliver personally, when told that he was her legal guardian; painted to her timid mind the uselessness and unpleasantness of public “scenes,” and had her so intimidated by the time they reached a distant town at nine that evening, that she never made a word of complaint to the people about her, but drank the cup of tea he procured for her at the railroad station, and entered the car, a little later, as he ordered her to do. It is probable that he got some person, by paying him, to mail his letter—which he had prepared beforehand—to Madame D'Eglantine, on a train going in the opposite direction and at some point south of Lycurgus. Certain it is, he and his unwilling companion went aboard a northern-bound train, and in due time reached Portland, where, after making a few necessary purchases for his daughter, he hurried her on board a vessel about to sail for Nova Scotia, and only delaying to weigh anchor until their arrival on board. Poor Violet's heart shrunk with dread from this man, who seemed capable of anything, now that the sheepskin, in which he had so long masqueraded, had fallen from his shoulders.

She resolved, when they reached the port where they were to disembark and take the first New York steamer calling on its way to Liverpool, to run away and throw herself on the protection of strangers. But she had no money and no courage to place herself in so forlorn a condition, and, as Mr. Goldsborough had assured her he should return her to her mother as soon as certain negotiations pending between them were ended, she concluded to submit silently to his plans.

He compelled her to assume the dress of an English servant-girl, and himself was clothed like a rough farmer—they took second-cabin tickets, and her father told her, on the second day out, that there was not a person on the steamer who knew him.

Arrived in London rooms were taken in a retired inn in an old-fashioned part of the city; and here she was told to resume suitable attire, and was taken to a ladies' furnishing shop where liberal orders were given for a complete outfit suitable for a young lady about to travel on the continent.

They had then crossed the channel and gone immediately to this German Spa, where letters were already awaiting Mr. Goldenough, as he now gave his name. Here he took very handsome rooms in a private hotel, and told Violet, curiously, that she had nothing to do but see the world and enjoy herself. They had not been settled in their new quarters twenty-four hours before Mr. Goldenough began to haunt the roulette tables. He had nothing else to do. All the associations of his life were broken up—he was devoured with corroding anxieties and passions; and he could not await in idleness the result of the daring move he had last made. The game of chance offered itself as a temporary relief to his craving restlessness; he began to play, had unusual good fortune, and became in-

fatuated. It was just the medicine to a mind diseased as was his. For two or three hours each afternoon, and from eight to eleven each evening he was at his post, choosing his numbers and waiting the turn of the devilish little instrument with utter apparent coolness, no matter how large the risks. By one of those curious freaks of chance, such as sometimes gives the thirteen trumps to a whist-player, he was almost invariably a winner—until the proprietor of the establishment began to entertain secret thoughts of having him quietly assassinated, to prevent the breaking of the house.

Of course he felt, and knew, that his extraordinary luck must turn sometime to disaster.

Within his own mind he resolved that at the first signs of a change, he would quit, not only the tables, but the town. A resolve about as wise as when one ventures into a quicksand with the resolution that when he is drawn in up to the knees he will begin to retreat.

Monsieur Goldenough never left his hotel to visit the gambling halls, or drive, or promenade, without compelling his daughter to attend him.

He was constantly fearful that she might make the attempt to leave him. Even at night he kept the key of her sleeping-room, which opened on the corridor. Yet he might have allowed her more liberty—might have spared her, at least, the, to her terribly disagreeable task of haunting the hells of Baden. For he never allowed her any money, although dressing her beautifully and giving her fine apartments—and Violet was too shrinking to attempt to dispose of her jewelry, or to venture a flight through a foreign country and over the Atlantic, had she thus procured the means of paying her way.

No wonder the melancholy which settled down upon her young spirit cast a cloud over her fair, pure, delicate face. The cause of that melancholy was the subject of much earnest discussion among the young snobs who made it a pious duty to devote a part of each day to worship at her shrine. *La belle Americaine* was rich and an only child, apparently—very devoted to her father, for was she not constantly with him? An instance of affection between parent and child was as rare as it was admirable!

Had she really lost her mother? No, for she was not in mourning. Was it then, an *affair de cœur*? Had the adorable young divinity fallen indiscretely in love with some youth, whose purse, or whose genealogical record was not long enough, and had her father brought her across the water to allow the tender impression to become obliterated by newer ones? So they chattered about our modest Violet—stared at her—fell in love with her, each after his way.

It was a situation which *Florence* would have keenly enjoyed; but to Violet it was torture at keen. More than once, in those public places, the tears rushed into her eyes, and hung glittering on the long, down-bent lashes until they dried of themselves, far she dared not lift a hand to wipe them away.

If, by chance, M. Goldenough, pointing with his little stick to the numbers he considered lucky, and awaiting the turn of the wheel, raised his eyes to his daughter's patient face and saw it pale, or the mist gathering in her large blue eyes, a fiendish joy swelled in his heart. For he hated her! Hated her, because she had lived, in spite of him, and been the unconscious means of thwarting his plans for the only human being he had ever really loved—his other, favorite daughter.

The only real pleasure he had, away from the gaming-table, was in thoughts of the agony he had inflicted on the woman whom in youth he had so cruelly wronged; and in watching the “sadness and longing” creep over the face of the young creature whom he had chained to him.

To some natures, to wrong another is also to excite hatred of the one injured. It was so with this man. The trusting girl whom he had made his wife, only to heartlessly disown and desert when he found her claims to enormous wealth denied, had fought her way to triumph and success—for her child's sake—over a path of fire which would have blazed and killed any but a most heroic woman; and now he burned to be revenged on her that she had dared to live and struggle. He had formed a dastardly plan to strike so that the wound would hurt the most surely. She had said that at last she was independent of him, and in return he had robbed her of her child.

Beyond this brutal revenge he had also the purpose to benefit his own daughter. He could not endure to think that Violet would be heiress to estates that would rank with those of the richest nobles of France, and his *Florence* live on the fog-ends of the small fortune not any too great for his own uses. He considered it a good joke to compel Madame D'Eglantine to contribute to the aggrandizement of his pet. If he could wring from her a noble sum for *Florence* to enjoy, there would be a spice of delight about the spending of that money which only an epicure in wickedness could fully relish.

He had letters from his agent, Blank, from time to time, giving reports of the progress of affairs in New York. On the day after the sailing of the *Germania* he received a cable dispatch in cipher, informing him of the two passengers who had so quickly made up their minds to depart on that steamer.

Well! the season at the Spa was about closing. He had thirty thousand dollars in gold more than when he set his foot on foreign soil; and had lived well all the time. He was quite ready for a move. He made his preparations for a trip up the Nile.

“Give me a week the start, and madame will have a fine time pursuing us!” he laughed to himself. “And if she overtakes us—what then? I shall demand my daughter before I give up hers! The game is in my own hands. I will have some amusement at madame's expense, and receive twenty thousand pounds from her as a gift to my pet!”

“I need not leave Baden-Baden for six days yet,” he continued to muse. “In that time I must make the magic wheel turn a few times more for my benefit. And, by George, it will be a joke worth paying to marry this lily-faced daughter of mine to that old scamp of an English Jew baronet who asked me yesterday if he might pay his addresses to her! I'll invite them to join us on our excursion to Egypt; 'twill make it so pleasant for Miss Violet—ha!”

It would seem as if, the lid of hypocrisy which had so long covered the seething caldron of Goldsborough's mind having been removed, all the hell-broth of the witches of the health was steaming up out of it.

It is not strange that Violet, inexperienced in reading human nature, but quick-witted and observant, shrank more and more into herself, and continually suffered from a shuddering dread and distrust of this companion—this unloved father, the very echo of whose voice shook her soul with intangible terrors to which she could give no shape.

These terrors were fated to take shape quickly enough.

On the evening after reading the cable dispatch Mr. Goldsborough did not have his usual luck—he ventured more and more, losing every

time, much to the amusement and excitement of the spectators who had so long been interested in his wonderful good fortune. The news that the American was losing drew a crowd to watch his movements.

At length, when M. Goldenough had lost a twentieth part of his previous winnings, Sir Israel Benjamin laid his hand on his arm, in trepidation at seeing so much of the gold, which he already counted as his own, disappear out of his future.

“Come away, my friend,” he whispered, eagerly.

“It is early,” responded the player, indifferently.

“You have forgotten your engagement with me?” persisted the baronet, aloud.

“Oh! if I have an engagement, that is a different thing!” said Mr. Goldenough, reluctantly rising; and he, his daughter, and the English baron walked away, followed by dozens of pairs of eyes and plenteous comments, among the latter the most frequent being:

“He will marry *la belle Americaine* to that old rogue!”

(To be continued—commenced in No. 330.)

TOO LATE,

BY SERGT. LACY.

Shut down the night with a tempest rack
Dense and dark as a funeral pall,
While over the ocean's midnight black
The floods of the tempest rear and call.

Frantic in their furious might
The living waters writh and roar;
Crowned with foam and ghastly light,
They spend their fury on the shore.

Now, rushing on with frenzied glee
To burst the barriers of their lair,
Then baffled, slink back to the sea
In sheets of phosphorescent glare.

Hark! Over the wild, tormented waste
Shrieks and howls increase the din;
The anguish of ocean's dead unchaste
That lie engulfed in depths within.

Oh, storm-clad night! This wild, weird hour
Of ravaging billows and tempest clouds
Is railed by a wilder power
Whose sable pall my heart enshrouds.

O'er my memory fly the years
That lie between my youth and now,
Those jeweled hopes unknown to fears
Of well won wreaths to crown my brow.

As well with folded hands sit still,
At the world like a clown to gape and gaze,
As own the wasted hours that fill
The measure of my life's fruitless days.

To late for laurels! too late for fame!
Thunders the sea like a doom of fate!
Too late to carve on the heights a name,
Mocks the blast—too late! too late!

OLD DAN RACKBACK,

The Great Exterminator:

OR,

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF “HAPPY HARRY,” “IDAHO TOM,”

“DAKOTA DAN,” “OLD HURRICANE,”

“HAWKEYE HARRY,” ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANTELOPE ARTH'S REVELATION.

THE REPORT of the rifle and the simultaneous fall of Christie Dorne into the arms of her young friend, Amy Loomis, led to one conclusion—Christie had been shot! Her brother ran to the tent and lifted her in his arms, calling her name in tones of distress; but there was no response.

“Major, my sister has been killed—assassinated by some lurking fiend!”

“I see no wound, Herbert,” said the bluff old major, who, assisted by Amy, examined the unconscious girl.

Meanwhile, a number of the rangers had hurried away in the direction from whence the rifle report came; and before Christie's friends had discovered the fact, one of them came back with the report that the shot had been fired by one of the guards at a skulking wolf, and not at the maiden.

“She has fainted away, Herbert,” said Amy, excitedly. “She has been very nervous and excited all the evening.”

“Yes, yes,” replied the major, “she must be kept quiet. Her nervous system is completely prostrated by the ordeal through which she has passed. The least excitement brings on a relapse. No doubt the story of Squire Bandy produced this shock. She must be kept quiet, I say, Herbert.”

The major's words were not disregarded, and the greatest silence and caution were observed by the rangers after the maiden had been nursed back to life by her friends. Amy Loomis and Christie's brother remained in the tent with her, and after she had fully recovered her consciousness, Amy went out, leaving the brother and sister alone.

Herbert sat down upon a camp-stool, and resting his elbows upon his knee and his head upon his palms, became deeply absorbed in silent thought. Christie noticed his reflective mood, and she knew by the occasional deep-sighs that he was troubled. Finally she said:

“Herbert, your hunting excursion is turning out to be an excursion of trouble, instead of pleasure.”

“Yes, Christie; it has been one of continual difficulties ever since we left the settlement. I think if the Government troops can't keep the outlaw Indians in their reservation, they had better delegate the authority to the settlers and hunters.”

“The white outlaws are the cause of it, Herbert,” replied Christie.

“I know they are the chief element of all this devilry. They do the brain work and the Indians the mischief. And I am not certain that we are entertaining angels unaware tonight.”

“To whom do you refer?”

“Those reputed rangers—followers of Idaho Tom,” responded Herbert, watching his sister closely.

“Then you still maintain your hostility toward Tom?” she responded.

“No more than to any other outlaw.”

“Herbert, Tom is no outlaw. This will be proved to you some day,” she said, half bitterly.

“Do you still love him, Christie? Will you spurn the affection of a gentleman like Mr. Farwell for the tickle love of such a young scamp as Idaho Tom?”

“I do not love Mr. Farwell, Herbert—I cannot love him.”

“Ah, Christie! you still persist in adding disgrace to the once honored name of Dorne,” said the brother, bitterly. “I labored to help hide your shame that you might be comfortably settled in a home of wealth and luxury—such as only Adam Farwell can give. And then I, too, would be restored to my former place among mankind—the place from which poverty brought me down to a level with a poor, plodding frontier settler.”

“I do not regret what I have done, and shall do even more. If Tom is a prisoner, he will be taken to the stronghold of Prairie Paul, and thither I am now going. If he is there, I will again liberate him and send him to you with all my blessings.”

“Oh, kind friend!” exclaimed Christie, “do this for me, and I will never cease to pray for you.”

“I felt in hopes,” Aree continued, “that he had escaped, and joined his command; and as I said before, I donned this disguise that I

might be near him. Do not tell Kit Bandy of it, nor your friends. I am going to slip away and return to my hidden home among the hills. You may think me a bold, bad girl, Christie; but God knows I have lived a pure and virtuous life, even though I am a robber's child. For years I have been shut out from all pleasure and society save that of the Indians and mountain men. I have known what good society and its influence were—I have not lived all my days in the hills, where my whole existence has been a constant yearning for something—I knew not what. When I, by accident, first heard the face of Idaho Tom, my heart grasped at his love as a drowning man grasps at a straw. But all is now lost—irretrievably lost. But I thank Heaven that I have been, and that I still may be, permitted to do some good in this world.

“Herbert, I am not in a mood to quarrel,” she said; “my sisterly love forbids it. I have never harbored an evil thought toward you, through all my patient suffering. You are my brother and protector, and I feel that I am bound to respect you as such, when your guardianship does not encroach upon my eternal happiness.”

“Herbert, I am not in a mood to quarrel,” he said, angrily. “I will not put up with this conduct much longer; I will leave you alone in poverty and disgrace.”

“My lady!” he said, “I will not put up with this conduct much longer; I will leave you alone in poverty and disgrace.”

made no dissent, and so they drew rein in a wooded valley, where grass, water and fuel could be obtained.

As it wanted an hour or two yet of night, Dan proposed to Kit that they make a reconnoisance of the surrounding vicinity, and his proposition being accepted, the two left camp, going in opposite directions.

The old men had been gone scarcely ten minutes when a number of mounted men rode out of the woods and surrounded the camp of the rangers. They were dressed in the uniform of United States soldiers, whom the rangers knew, at a glance, they were.

"Gentlemen, I demand your unconditional surrender," said the captain in command.

Although the rangers were completely taken by surprise, they were not long in deciding upon their course of action, and at once manifested a disposition to refuse the officer's demands.

Said Darcy Cooper, to whom the young men now looked as spokesman:

"We feel that we are under no military restrictions, and have the privilege of refusing your demands."

"Sir, we have instructions to arrest and conduct from these hills all persons found here in violation of the Government's treaty with the Indians; therefore we insist upon a peaceful surrender."

"We are not a band of cowards, by any means, captain," responded Cooper; "and while we feel no fear whatever, we should like to have an amicable understanding that may be permitted to pursue our way into the hills. We have but one object now in view, in coming here, and that is the rescue of a friend in the power of a band of outlaws, and soon as he is safe, it is our intention to leave at once."

"Then I am to understand that you will resist any attempt to stop you from advancing further?" said the officer, though he maintained his composure with remarkable good grace.

"You are, captain," was Darcy's firm reply.

"But we have quite a little army encamped near here, under General Custer, with which I am afraid you would stand no show whatever."

"Very probably, if we have the army to contend with; but I think if our case, with some additional facts, were stated to the general, he would allow us to pass on un molested."

"As to that, I cannot say," answered the officer; "but as I am acting under instructions, I—"

"What in the great horn of Joshua means this?" exclaimed a voice near, and Kit Bandy came blustering into camp. "Sojers, by crackey! Howdy, boys!"

The soldiers regarded the old man with a look of the deepest curiosity, and a smile mounted the face of some, as Kit struck an attitude before them.

Darcy Cooper explained the situation briefly as possible, and asked Kit's opinion.

"Horn of Joshua!" exclaimed Kit, scratching his head, reflectively, "this is a ruther perplexin' attitude to pass judgment on. I can't see how we can give up our pursuit, even if Uncle Sam is desirous of keepin' inviolate his contract with the Indians. I notice the red varmints are not so partic'lar 'bout keepin' up their side of the fence. But, captain, I really can't see how we can surrender without a fight."

"We are not insisting on a fight," replied the officer, for he saw that there was mettle in the little band of rangers worthy of his own steel; "we only desire that you submit to be quietly escorted from this reservation."

"I wish old Dan-yil war here," said Kit, perplexed; "and I think he would settle things his way. But see here, cap'n, you leave yer men here to watch these boys, and take me up to the general, and I'll bet a fip that I talk him outen takin' us away before we git our friend."

The captain accepted this proposition, for it would afford the opportunity to make the situation known at camp without creating any mistrust in the breast of the rangers. He was really afraid to attempt coercive measures, for he saw the boys were well armed and ready for fight; and so he dismounted, and leading his horse, walked with old Kit up the valley toward camp.

As they moved along, the captain noticed that there was a material change in both the appearance and talk of the old borderman, and at once came to the conclusion that he was playing a part. But it was no trouble for Kit Bandy to play a double role, for he had already proved himself one of those persons past finding out.

Ten minutes' walk brought them to the edge of the camp; they passed the guard and moved on toward General Custer's tent. On the way they met the general, to whom the captain introduced Kit, and explained the latter's mission of an interview with the commandant.

Custer led the way to his tent, which was located at the base of a high shelving rock, and when it was reached they entered. The general seated himself upon a camp stool, and motioned Kit to a seat opposite. By this time it was dark, and the tent was lit up with a dim light from a pocket lantern.

"Now, then," said the general, "I am ready to hear what you have to say."

"To begin with, general," said Kit, modifying his tone to a degree that would have surprised his friends, "I will say, that, should the secret that I am going to reveal to you become known to some—well, should it become generally known, it would cost me my life."

"I fully comprehend," said the general; "you are not what you appear to your friends."

"I darsay, general, I have appeared for an old fool, and have been taken as such; but that's not business. Here's a document," said Kit, producing a stained and dirty paper from an inner pocket, "that I want you to examine, and then see, sir, what you have to offer on the subject."

The general took the paper, and in the dim light that lit up the tent, examined it carefully—reading it over a number of times. Kit watched the man's face, and finally detected a faint light of satisfaction upon it.

Finally the general lifted his eyes from the paper and said:

"But what about those rangers? Have you or they a—"?

"That, general—that," interrupted Kit, pointing his long, bony finger at the paper, "gives me the right to call assistance if needed, don't you see?"

"Then those men are under your command, are they?"

"Wal," said Kit, squirming under the question, "I— I rather think they are, general."

"You think they are?"

"No; I don't think anything about it—I know it," said Kit, his quick mind grasping at a plausible, and at the same time, truthful subterfuge.

"Then I presume I have no grounds for interference, Mr. Bandy," said the general, "and will allow you to pass on unmolested."

"Thank you, general, thank you; but I've

one request to make of you, and that is this: don't let any one git a hold of what I've told you, for I'd not be safe 'mong friends or foes if it got out."

"I shall not break confidence with you, Mr. Bandy."

"Very well, then, our affairs are understood—you go your way and I go mine, and mum's the word."

"Exactly."

Kit rose to leave. He advanced to the door of the tent, turned to bid the general good-night, when his keen eye happened to catch sight of a dark, spherical object under the general's camp-stool. It was shaded from the light, and what it was, Kit could not determine at a glance, but it arrested his attention from some cause or other; and a moment later a cry of surprise broke from his lips.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bandy?" asked the general, starting to his feet, and permitting the light to fall almost under the stool.

"By the horn of Joshua!—general, I'm gone up!"

"Why?"

"Don't you keep guards posted 'round camp?"

"I do; but I declare this is gettin' to be—"

"Look there, general; do you see that slit in the canvas just back of your stool?—well, sir, if an eavesdropper, human head wasn't withdrawn from there this moment, I hope I may never breathe."

"Then it was none of my men!" exclaimed the general, and rushing out, he gave orders to have the skulking enemy down.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DAKOTA DAN'S ADVENTURES.

DAKOTA DAN and his dog made their way north, after parting with the rangers at camp. Their course lay along a rough, wooded ridge, that finally dipped into a wide, densely-timbered valley; and despite the old man's efforts, it was nearly dusk ere he reached this low land.

He turned down the valley, moving along briskly for nearly a mile, when he was brought to a sudden halt by sight of a number of camp-fires twinkling through the night before him.

"By Judea, Humility!" he exclaimed, in an undertone, stooping and laying his hand upon the dog's head significant of silence; "that's either Ingins, or robbers, or a gang of miners thereabouts; and if it's robbers, the young captain may be with them. Howsumdever, we'll find off that way and make some inquiry. Now go easy, Humility—easy."

He stole like a shadow down the valley, keeping well in under the eastern bluffs. The forms of men passing to and fro across the light became discernible as he advanced, and as one fire after another burst on his view as he rounded a sharp curve in the valley, he became somewhat astonished as well as apprehensive of danger. He finally, however, succeeded in making out the encampment as that of a military party, and the discovery served, in a measure, to quiet his fears.

Dan stopped to deliberate upon the matter, and while thus engaged, he saw an officer and Kit Bandy making their way toward the only tent in the bivouac—the head-quarters of the commandant. He saw by Kit's gesture and movements throughout that the old ex-robber was unusually enthusiastic over something or other, and no sooner did he disappear in the general's tent than the spirit of curiosity possessed him. Why it was he could not tell, for no thought suggested it. He did not mistrust Kit in any way, and yet that unbidden desire which often forces one to act upon the spur of the moment, and contrary to what they would have taken the second thought, seized upon Dan, and sent him creeping with all the silence of a cat toward the tent.

He had everything in his favor so far as darkness and the cover of rock and brush were concerned. To the perpendicular fagade of the bluff flanking the camp on the north, and against which the tent stood, was entreated the doorway of the old fashioned side-board just as you directed—every thing in place. And your room—how I wish you would go and see it. It is beautiful! lovely! There can be no greater harmony than the blending blue and gold furnishings of that room—except the harmony of our love and lives."

"You are very good, Arthur, and I enjoy your enthusiasm over these little trifles, for after all, they go far toward making up the happiness of a woman's life."

"Thanks, Alda; but not half so good as you in loving me so tenderly and loyally. But I was bothered about one thing, sweet."

"What was it? Maybe I can help you."

"Your writing desk—it was such a gem—I don't believe you can ever write anything but poetry at it. I could not get a place in the library to suit me. This light was too dark and that was too dull. I fancied it needed a soft, mellow light, so I set it in your room and will leave you to arrange a place for it. I flatten myself that everything else will please you."

"The pictures?"

"They are all hung. I can hardly tell you now where each one is. The 'Beatrice Cenci,' I hung over the library door which enters to your room."

"Why, what made you give it such a poor place as that?"

"For just one little reason of my own. Her great, sad suffering eyes, with their strange mixture of submissive patience and self assertion, are to me duplicates of your own eyes. So I hung it there as a reminder to me that the door beneath it opens to a place sacred to love, wherein the goddess of my life presides; also, that when the door is shut your face shall still look down upon me and follow me with their guardful tenderness."

"Through your love and fancy, Arthur, make my eyes to-day as luminous as Psyche's, tomorrow those who love most and dream most, may forget that I ever existed: for who can determine now whether Psyche, the very idol of all poets, was a reality or a dream?"

"But to-morrow you will be all the reality my life shall ever know, for when the priest has his service, and the witnesses have written their names, and your dainty finger has a new ring upon it, I shall put you down in the pretty blue and gold room where Beatrice keeps guard. After that you shall dismiss or retain the historical sentinel, as you please, for you shall fill all my tomorrow with your own sweet self. But remember, we are to be promptly at the church at four. Good-by, sweet, till then."

Her eyes filled up with tears, and she clung to him tenderly as if she would not have him go, but she only said:

"Well, Arthur, let Beatrice stay where she is, and whenever you look at her, think of me—if you will."

Arthur went away, busy and happy with thoughts for his wedding day.

Alda stood still until the door had closed behind him, and then she clasped her hands and raising them to the blank walls before her, she cried:

"What am I, that I should deceive and despise such a man?"

"We twain once well in sunder. What will the mad gods do? For hate with me, I wonder. Or what for love with you?"

When Arthur went on the morrow where many guests were assembled for the wedding, the white-robed bride was gone. No one

that the robbers were already excited and apparently upon the eve of flight from some cause or other.

Owing to the timber and the condition of the surroundings, Dan believed that the opposite side of the camp would suit his purpose far better than the one he occupied, and so he at once began creeping around that way.

He had gone but a short distance when he found his footsteps arrested by a deep rift or canon. He felt the cold wind rush up into his face, and when he tossed a pebble down over the precipice a deep, hollow rumble came up from below. But not to be outdone, he turned and crept along the edge of the canon, passing within twenty steps of the enemies' camp, and finally gaining a position on the east side. He was sure he had gained this position unobserved, but no sooner had he ensconced himself than he heard footstep retreating from toward camp; and a moment later, he once again began creeping around that way.

Arthur was pursuing his art studies at Rome, and was searching for a model. The woman beside him was on a similar mission. She, however, seemed to find none among the group to suit her, and started to go. As she turned their glances met. Arthur and Alda were face to face!

Her eyes were sadder than ever.

"Arthur, forgive. I have not meant to deceive you. How it came about I hardly know better than yourself. But it is true, almost as much to my surprise as to your own, that when you read this I shall be the wife of Howard Russell. Farewell, and may your noble heart find peace in forgetfulness of me."

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Her eyes were sadder than ever.

"Arthur!" she exclaimed in surprise.

While he stood and looked, a tall, graceful woman, dressed in mourning, came down the street, paused and stood beside him. She glanced hurriedly at the same fancifully-dressed throng through which his own eyes were scrutinizing.

Arthur was pursuing his art studies at Rome, and was searching for a model. The woman beside him was on a similar mission. She, however, seemed to find none among the group to suit her, and started to go. As she turned their glances met. Arthur and Alda were face to face!

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CENTENNIAL DINING.

BY CHARLIE MORRIS.

I marked them both, a fresh young pair; He had got the bay seed out of his hair; And his only agricultural dash Was the cultivating a young mustache; A tall, slim youth of noble blood, For his pedigree ran to the flood; And his coat of arms, as the records show, Was a narrow bosom, which raked and hoed. She was a maiden fair and spry, With a touch of mischief in her eye— A lively, tripping, merry elf! With the best opinion of herself; Dressed *a la mode*, pull-back and all, From overskirt to waterfall, That fashion bids, and with every group Of a loving maid—except the heart.

In a Centennial saloon The sat that sunny afternoon, All the marvels thing to see That girl's feats of gastronomy. Straight through the bill of fare she ate, While he sat by with joy slate; But I saw a sudden anguish fill His face as he read the frightful bill.

A charge for waiter, a charge for chair, A charge for bringing the bill of fare, A charge for waiter, a charge for ice, A charge for an unconscionable price! For every item, from soup to wine, That folks dispose of when they dine. 'Twas the roundest of round sums, I feel, That was footed up for that square meal.

Blue as skim-milk that young man grew As in the till his purse he threw, And up the spout, with reckless fling, Sent his gold mother-of-pearl ring. But when he saw what sad young swain— The waiter eye his watch and chain Straight out he slid, and sloped away Like a honey bee on a holiday.

His damsel smiled; and then I think, I actually saw that girl wink, At least there was a monstrous sly Curl in the corner of her eye. But when he saw what sad young swain— I wanted to write her epithaph, For it seemed to me a shame untold The way that trusting youth was sold.

All unsophisticated youth Who dwell 'twixt Boston and Duluth, My warning take, beware the girls! Avoid the witchcraft of their curls; And do not even take your aunt To a Centennial restaurant, Till you have learned how far to dare The perils of their bill of fare.

Love Through Tears.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It was almost dark of a windy, storm-suggesting January night, and occasional sharp drops of sleet that came driving stingingly against Edgar Bloomfield's bronzed cheeks made him just a little homesick and lonely, as he found himself walking up one of the aristocratic avenues of New York city toward Josiah Otis' mansion.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a handsome head set firmly, strengthfully, on his neck—with a frank, good-looking face, that Bertha Otis had very greatly admired the summer before, when she and her father had spent several weeks, during the time Mr. Otis was so dismally threatened with apoplexy, at the hospitable farm-house of cousin Bloomfield.

Not that Edgar and Bertha were nearer related than third cousinship, but they had laughingly declared it should be regarded as nearer, and pretty, graceful Bertha had insisted on calling him "cousin Edgar," and at the same time giving him such glances of her dark-brown eyes from under the coquettish lawn hat that it had more than once occurred to Edgar to wish she would not consider him any relation at all.

It had been a grand, glorious summer, whose memory, lighted by Bertha's eyes and Bertha's smile, and Bertha's earnest invitation for him to "come see them at home, some time," made the young man's heart bounce very unbecomingly as he walked up the avenue, watching the numbers on the massive, elegant doors, and feeling very much as if heaven were close at hand as he caught the first glimpse of the Otis' palatial home.

He had contemplated it so long, so eagerly—this visit to New York, when he should renew his sweet intimacy with Bertha, and hear her call him "cousin Ed" in the same low tones that had made his heart throb so when they had floated down Pond Lily stream with the tide, on long, sultry summer days, or when they had taken delightful strolls on breezy moonlight nights, and Bertha's white fingers had rested so confidingly on his coat-s'eeve, and those wondrous witching eyes of hers had glanced up, or hid under long-lashed, blue-veined lids, as the mood took her dainty princesship.

Oh, those days! those dreams! their blissful memory was on him so strongly as he rung the door-bell, half nervously, half impatiently, and listened to the music from within the brilliantly-lighted rooms, and heard occasional peals of light, refined laughter, as he awaited the answer to his summons, waited and congratulated himself that he had "happened" on "company night"—little imagining it was a fair sample of every night's gayety at the Otis mansion.

The well-trained servant that opened the door made no demonstration at sight of the big, broad-shouldered, undeniably country-born, country-bred guest, and bowed as he would have done had Miss Bertha's specially favored admirer, young Delavan Gregory, of Fifth avenue *creme de la creme*, stood on the threshold.

"I've come to see Mr. Otis and the family. I suppose they're at home."

In a second he was ushered, with a clear, loud announcement, into the fairyland of the Otis saloons.

And truly it was like a picture to the bewil dered guest, whose tastes, so wholesome and simple, had received equally wholesome and simple stimulant.

It dazzled him for a moment—the glare and rainbow glitter of the chandeliers, the translucent softness of pale rose-pink silk curtains; the flash of the mirrors, the gleam of marble, the rich hues of the carpets and the satin damask furniture, the fragrance of the hot-house flowers, the shimmer and rustle of silk drapery, the bright glances of eyes—and among them all the fairest, sweetest, best, daintily little Bertha Otis, looking like a very queen of grace and beauty in a costume of ecru-perle silk that floated like moonlighted sea-waves around her.

Edgar went straight up to her, his frank, glad face showing all his pride and delight, and extended his big, ungloved hand in a grasp that almost crushed her tiny kidded palm.

"Bertha! how good it is to see you again! And you look just as sweet as a peach, too."

A little titter from an elaborately gotten-up young lady standing near made Ed's honest face flame crimsonly; then a haughty, annihilating glance from Bertha's own beautiful eyes made him pale.

"Thank you, Mr. Bloomfield. I believe the season we boarded at your farm improved my health somewhat."

Was this Bertha—the girl he had dreamed of, the girl he had hated to hear call him "cousin"—Bertha Otis, who had ridden on the hay-heads, and gone fishing with him, openly

repudiating him and actually insulting him in her own house!

He bowed somewhat awkwardly, and turned to speak to Mr. Otis, who shook hands hurriedly, as if anxious to have it over.

"Glad to see you, my boy! Down for a lark, eh? Hope you'll make yourself at home, and all that, you know."

And then Ed sat down in a big chair and watched the dancers through the set, and saw Bertha's pretty little coquettices with Mr. Delavan Gregory, and saw that gentleman's undisguised admiration of the girl, and heard Miss Delaphine Gregory laugh and glance over at him, and then he knew it was better he should go.

"I am not wanted here, that's sure. I wouldn't care—only—only—for Bertha to treat me so."

And it cut deeper yet when, after hunting her up to say good-by, he was rewarded by a courteous bow only, as she took Mr. Gregory's arm and promenaded away.

And the next day Ed was at home on the farm, with an expression of touching sadness on his face that his old mother wondered at, and shrewdly guessed. And the winter days wore on, teaching Ed Bloomfield the lesson that makes wiser people of those who have it to learn, hard, pitifully hard though the learning is—the humanizing of one's ideal, the waking from the one sweet dream of one's life, the knowledge that all the beauty and hope that glorified one's days was but an illusion.

"I am sure I don't see how I can help you, Bertha, any more than I have done. I have advised you and you refuse to take it. You can't surely blame me."

Miss Blanche Gregory smoothed the snow-white curls of her lap-dog, and Bertha Otis, pale as a lily, with her deep black clothes trailing like the very shadow of darkness around her slight figure, had to use all her self-control to keep back the tears that so wanted to come.

It was all so hard, all so new and strange from the heavy mourning garments she had put on, when her father had been carried home dead from his office, to this present moment, when, hurled from her lifetime position of luxury, wealth and social distinction, Bertha found herself pleading for assistance whereby she might earn her daily bread—pleading with Blanche Gregory, who had been her dearest intimate friend, whose aristocratic brother had been almost an accepted lover, and who, now that trouble had come, was among the very first to proclaim her indifference.

Bertha looked piteously down in Miss Gregory's insipid face.

"But, Blanche, what in Heaven's name shall I do?"

Somewhat she had so depended on the friendship Blanche had so often sworn.

"Do! Haven't I told you I haven't the smallest idea of what you will do? Of course, if you don't see fit to accept the position of nursery governess to Mrs. Pinchendown, I can't help it. You can't expect to look to me, you know."

Bertha swallowed a miserable lump in her throat.

"I know, only—"

Blanche interrupted impatiently. "For Heaven's sake, don't begin to cry, Bertha! If there's anything I detest it is a woman with red eyes and puffy cheeks."

"I am not going to cry, Blanche, but I want to ask if you know—"

Miss Gregory put Floss down tenderly, then shook her silken skirts carefully; but there was iciest heartlessness in her voice when she answered:

"I don't know anything about it, and really you will have to excuse me, Bertha. I promised De'avan we would call on the Jeromes this afternoon, and I've to dress yet."

She turned to her dressing-room with a cutting dismissal of manner that was pitifully painful to the desolate, friendless girl, whose most intimate associates had all dropped her, if not so heartlessly as Blanche Gregory and Delavan.

That was not the end of slights and bitter troubles—it was far nearer the beginning, and in weary days that followed Bertha Otis learned to her complete satisfaction just what the kisses and caresses of enthusiastic girl friends, the compliments and attentions of gentlemen admirers had been worth.

Days and days followed, when all the world was fair and beautiful to see in her spring gala array, when Bertha toiled and struggled in one position after another, not suiting here for one reason, not suiting there for another, until, when fierce midsummer heats poured down on scorching New York, she was at the end of her resources—homeless, moneyless almost, and oh! so inexpressibly lonely and heartsick.

The long shadows of a July sunset were lying goldenly astern the big, old-fashioned grassplot in front of the Bloomfield farmhouse kitchen-door, and motherly, good-natured-faced Mrs. Bloomfield stood in the doorway, shading her eyes with a big flapping sun-bonnet, with her gaze directed toward the low-lying meadow lands where the broad-brimmed hats of the farm hands were bobbing industriously—where she knew Edgar was, with rolled-up shirt-sleeves and cheery face, hard at work as any of them.

Within, the supper-table was loaded with rare home-made dainties—sweetest of sweet butter and white bread, and pearly cottage cheese; with great pitchers of icy-cool milk and a huge strawberry shortcake in the post of honor at the center.

Mrs. Bloomfield turned from the calm, peaceful scene without, and a second later some one turned the angle of the house, and glided swiftly in through the open door.

"Mercy sakes alive! Bertha Otis! What on earth is the matter?"

And Bertha, all of a tremble, with her lips quivering piteously, and her eyes glistening with tears, put her arms imploringly around the old lady's neck.

"Don't send me away! I am poor—oh, so poor, and papa has been dead so long, and I haven't another friend in the world if you desert me! I will scrub and wash—"

Mrs. Bloomfield patted the thin, white cheek, affectionately.

"You poor dear, as if I could find it in my heart to send you away! Take off your things, and by the time Edgar gets in—" And Edgar walked in that very instant, sun-browned, honest-faced, glorious-hearted.

"I thought I knew you, little cousin, when you passed the meadow, and I came to give you welcome."

He gave her his hand, and Bertha, instead of taking it, like a sensible girl, burst into a perfect torrent of tears.

"Oh, Ed—how can you? after the way I—" A comical little smile on his face accompanied his answer.

"Never mind anything about anything. Here you are at Vine Creek Farm, where there's plenty to do, and here you stay, until mother can bring the roses back, and some flesh to your poor face. And a glass of milk and a big slice of short-cake'll be a capital beginning—won't it, mother?"

Edgar went straight up to her, his frank, glad face showing all his pride and delight, and extended his big, ungloved hand in a grasp that almost crushed her tiny kidded palm.

"Bertha! how good it is to see you again!

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And the next day Ed was at home on the farm, with an expression of touching sadness on his face that his old mother wondered at, and shrewdly guessed. And the winter days wore on, teaching Ed Bloomfield the lesson that makes wiser people of those who have it to learn, hard, pitifully hard though the learning is—the humanizing of one's ideal, the waking from the one sweet dream of one's life, the knowledge that all the beauty and hope that glorified one's days was but an illusion.

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